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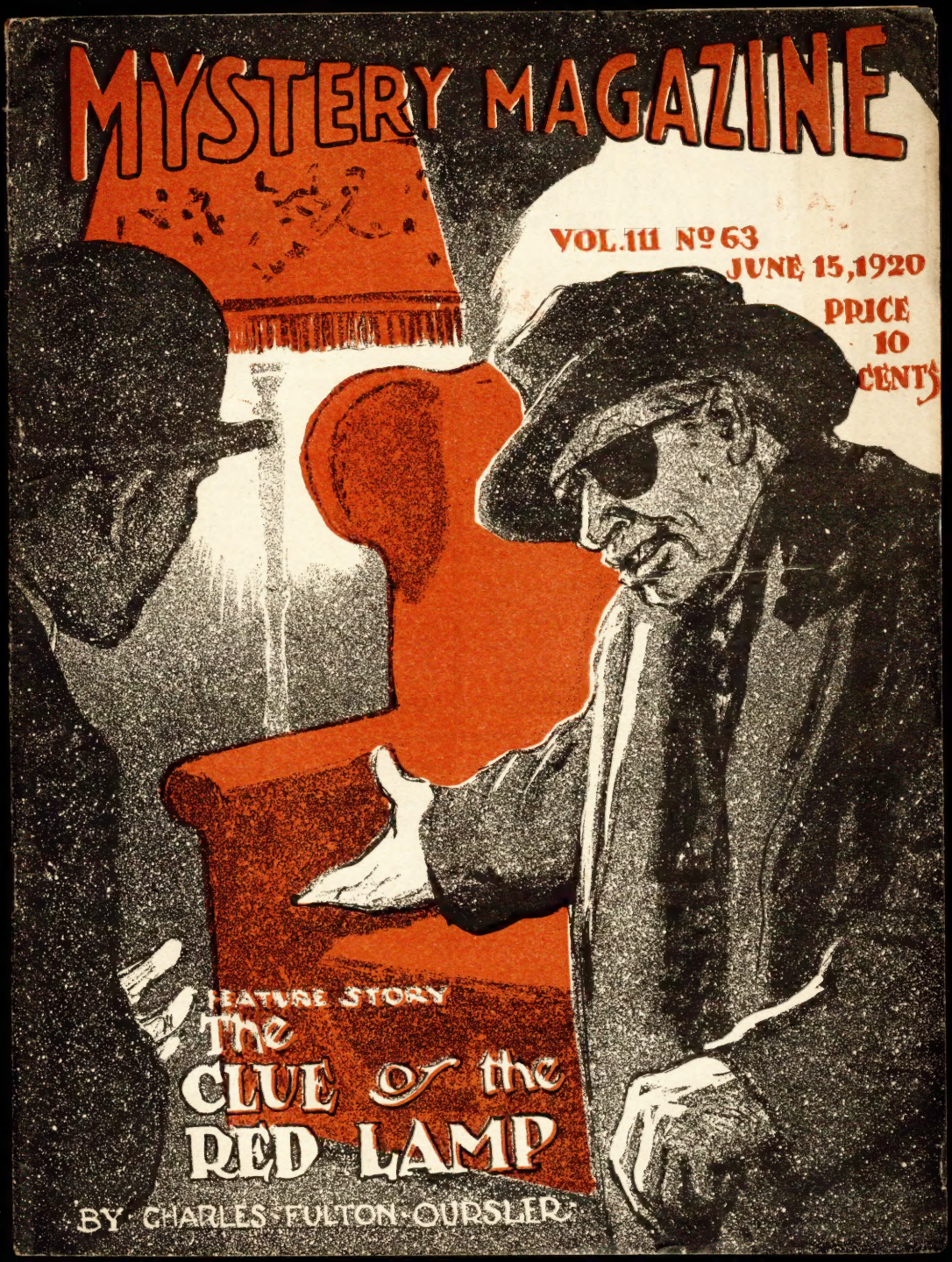

FEATURE STORY

The CLUE of the RED LAMP

BY CHARLES FULTON OURSLER

"THE SCHEME OF SOLOMON SNARE," by Willam Hamilton Osborne, appears in No. 64.

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THE PUBLISHER.

THE CLUE OF THE RED LAMP

By CHARLES FULTON OURSLER

CHAPTER ONE

PATCH EYE AND WOODEN LEG

As Gordon Painter made a rapid survey of the girl who stood poised in the doorway of his private office, his heart was thumping at the rate of a hundred miles a minute. He was forced to admit to himself that he had never seen a more winsome or beautiful creature than this worried young woman who had insisted on seeing him, but refused to give her name.

"Good morning," began the detective. "Won't you be——"

"Is this really Mr. Gordon Painter?" she interrupted breathlessly.

"Yes, miss."

"The celebrated detective?"

"A detective, miss!"

She gave a relieved little sigh, and sank wearily into the chair that Gordon Painter offered. As she passed her hand wearily across her eyes, Painter was busily noting details about her costume, her physiognomy, her general bearing—the intuitive deductive processes of a trained investigator, accustomed to find out by secret means all that he can from every one.

From the brief moments of observation given him befor

she spoke again, Painter deduced that this young woman came from a family no stranger to wealth; that birth and breeding and all that money could buy were hers, and that some blighting misfortune, or some brooding, overshadowing menace of disaster, had been influencing her for weeks.

As if she had read his mind and desired to confirm his thoughts, she said:

"I need help desperately, Mr. Painter. I am practically alone now—I have no one to whom I may turn—and I am convinced that something dreadful is about to happen!"

She glanced apprehensively over her shoulder, as if fearful that some sinister something were gloating behind her chair. Gordon Painter moved his chair a trifle nearer and cleared his throat.

"I am sure," he said earnestly, "that whatever your trouble may be we can help you. We have helped so many people who were up against it in so many strange ways. But won't you tell me your name?"

"I am Evelyn Drew. I live with my father at 17 Oak Avenue, out at Glen Park."

This simple statement of Evelyn Drew produced a remarkable, though not altogether discernible, effect upon the clean-cut, eager countenance of the young detective. He stared straight into her eyes, trying to fight down some feeling of strong emotion that was mounting within him—trying to force the rising tide of color back from his cheeks. But Evelyn Drew did not notice his embarrassment—she was too much concerned with the story that she had come to tell.

"Excuse me," pleaded Gordon Painter hurriedly. "I shall be back presently."

He retreated into an inner office, where Evelyn heard his voice in rapid, earnest conversation with some one who did not reply in tones audible enough to reach her. But the conference did not last long, and when Gordon Painter reappeared, he was as brisk and business-like as he ever had been.

"Now, Miss Drew," he said affably, "suppose you go ahead and tell me what your trouble is."

"It is about my father," she whispered. "I am afraid something dreadful is going to happen to him."

She was very timorous, was Evelyn Drew, about telling her story. She hesitated; there were times when there were long waits. But Gordon Painter was a patient young man—kindly and encouraging, too—and gradually she told him all she had come there to tell.

"My father has always been a strange man," she said. "I have heard him say, when I was a very little girl, that no man who lived ever understood Downing Drew. He was right. I do not think anyone ever did. But to me he was always the best and kindest of men. He often took me on his knee when I was a child and sang 'Captain Jinks' and other old tunes, until I was asleep. When mother died, his kindness redoubled. He always seemed to have command of large amounts of money, and my slightest wish was almost instantly gratified.

"So I grew up, loving my father, fearing him a little, and never altogether understanding him. But until two months ago none of this had ever taken very definite shape in my mind—not until then did I realize that in many ways my father was very different from other men. Then came—a letter."

"A letter?" prompted Gordon Painter, as Evelyn paused.

"A letter with a strange, foreign stamp," the girl continued. "It was written in a cramped hand, and down at the bottom of the envelope there was drawn a large red spider. I received it from Beazum, our old family butler, and took it direct to father. At the sight of the stamp and the handwriting, and particularly of the drawing of the red spider, he became very excited.

"He told me to leave him at once. That has always been his way. He is a great recluse—but there are always rare intervals when he comes out of his seclusion and spends a week at the seashore with me, or in the mountains. At those times we are great friends. But there are never more than two or three a year. Now, I fear——"

Again Evelyn paused, and Gordon Painter tactfully waited until she felt stronger before she resumed.

"Later that evening he called me back to his study," she continued. "He told me that on a certain date there would come to our house a man with a wooden leg and a patch over his eye. 'He will look like a tramp, a robber, a thief,' my father said to me, 'but let him in. Let him in—let him get to see me without a second's delay. Do you understand?' I told him I quite understood—but the incident worried me—I could not banish from my mind the memory of my father's suppressed excitement, and the determined way in which he had spoken to me.

"Of course, my father has many visitors—peculiar men, too, Mr. Painter—men whose business I never know about. There are well-dressed men and poorly-dressed men, and not all of them have faces I like to remember in the dark. But the most villainous of all are Dr. Hartman and his idiotic son!"

"Go on," prompted Gordon Painter, leaning forward interestedly.

"Dr. Hartman has been a regular caller at the house for nearly a year," continued Evelyn. "He is a man of most villainous countenance, and his son, with his huge head and horrible, rolling eyes, is the most terrible spectacle to bring into a house one ever looked at!"

"And how do they affect your story?"

"I am coming to that. One day I heard my father's voice raised in angry altercation with Dr. Hartman. There was a long quarrel, in which I fear both lost their tempers. But finally—I was listening from the upper stairs which is close to father's study—my father seemed to give in. 'All right,' I heard him say, 'I'll do it, then. But it won't do any good.'

"After they were gone my father called me in. 'Evelyn,' he said to me, 'I want you to go down and get me a floor lamp. I want one with a red shade, and I want red electric bulbs put into it of a peculiar make.' He named a certain make of bulb and made me write it down.

"To this I did not attach any peculiar importance, and I had purchased the lamp. But soon I began to fear that my father was mad.

"His entire course of life began to change from that hour on. He slept during the day and worked during the night. He became increasingly cross and irritable with me And, Mr. Painter, he sits continually brooding under the rays of that red lamp, and nothing will make him leave that spot."

Gordon Painter sat back in his chair, filled with amazement. Why should a man do a peculiar thing like that? Yet—after all—he had a perfect right to do so, if he cared to. There was nothing criminal about it. What was the purpose of Evelyn Drew's visit, then?

"Do you, mean that this has gone on for months?" he asked, while trying to adjust a plan in his mind.

"For two months," answered Evelyn soberly.

"And has your father never left his study in all that time?"

"Oh, yes—he has," Evelyn answered hastily. "His peculiar actions grew by degrees. He used to take long walks with me in the mornings and these did not end at once—in fact, he walked with me one morning about ten

days ago. But the longer he sat and brooded in the peculiar rays of that red light, the more peculiar his moods became. Now he rarely will see me, and then only to upbraid me in various ways. There are flashes of his old self now and then—but I think he has given way to one overpowering influence."

There was a silence between them for a little while, as Gordon Painter pondered. Finally he spoke.

"There are some peculiar features about what you have told me," he admitted. "Your father has strange visitors, with idiotic sons. He gets a strange letter with a red spider drawn on the envelope. He buys a red lamp and insists on sitting in its glow—won't budge from its glow, in fact. But what can a detective do under such circumstances? Nothing has been stolen. No one has been killed. What do you want me to do?"

Evelyn leaned forward, her hands clasped, the tears coming into her large and tender blue eyes.

"I want you to protect my father," she entreated. "I know that he is in some terrible danger. His every action intimates that. Why does he clutch a revolver in the folds of his dressing gown when he would never have a weapon about the house before? Why does he pace the floor far into the dark morning hours, so that his pattering footfalls nearly drive me frantic? What does he expect from this wooden-legged man with a patch over his eye? He has something to fear—of that I feel certain. I want you to come and stay at our house until that danger is over. I want you to guard over my father—to save him, if need be, from himself!"

So that was this pretty girl's object. Gordon Painter slouched back still farther in his chair and ruminated. His card index box was bulging now with business—important, well-paying cases that had come to him as a result of his recent masterful solution of the infamous West Park outrages. He could name his own fee. To desert all this work and undertake a personal investigation in the home of Downing Drew would mean a great deal to Gordon Painter. He hesitated. The youth and beauty of the girl undeniably attracted him; she had that charm that is like a bloom upon a woman, and that called to all that was noble and chivalrous in his heart.

"When is this wooden-legged, patch-eyed gentleman expected?" he asked. "What date was named in the letter with the red spider scrawl?"

"To-day!"

Gordon Painter looked at his watch.

"It is almost noon," he said. "I'll go with you in just a moment."

Again he disappeared into that inner room, and again Evelyn heard a long and earnest hum of conversation. She wondered to whom he was speaking, and why. Was it possible there was some super-detective, all cunning and all wise, who sat in that inner office, never saw any of the clients, but who told Gordon Painter what to do?

Gordon Painter emerged presently, dressed in a natty suit that would have proclaimed him any one of a thousand different things to the casual observer—except his true vocation of detective. They entered Evelyn's car, which was in waiting outside, and drove quickly to the Downing Drew home in Glen Park.

Evelyn pointed the place out to him when they were half a mile away. It was a magnificent mansion in which this girl had been reared and which was now the stage of such strange enigmas. It was in the sprawling Queen Anne style, with gables jutting out in the most unexpected angles, and with ivy and Virginia creeper everywhere.

A man was tending the hedges, bending over his work earnestly as they came nearer.

"That," said Evelyn, "is Beazum. He has been in the family——"

But she stopped, the words arrested by the pressure of Gordon Painter's hand tightening about her wrist. Silently he pointed down the road.

Stumping along was a huge man. He wore a big black hat and his hair, beneath it, curled in thick, heavy waves. He had a wooden leg.

The noise of the automobile attracted him and he turned. Then they saw that his countenance was fierce and forbidding—that his cheek was slashed with a blazing red scar, and that over his left eye hung a sinister black patch.

CHAPTER TWO

"HELP! BLOOD! DEATH!"

TEN minutes later the automobile had driven up before the wide *porte cochere* of the Downing Drew home, and Gordon Painter was following Evelyn Drew through the entrance of what was indeed a home of magnificence. Evelyn led the way into a large, comfortably-arranged library and asked him to be seated. She appeared a trifle more nervous than he had yet observed her, as if she were beginning to repent her course in bringing him to her home.

"I—I—will be back in a mo——"

Her fluttering words were interrupted by the sudden entrance of a young man who ran toward her and tried to seize her in his arms.

"Ev, girl, where have you been?" he bantered. He was a slim man, with head jutting forward a little too suddenly, with eyes set too closely together, and a chin that receded too quickly to excite the admiration of Gordon Painter. The detective noticed a disagreeable quality in his voice, too, and he did not fail to observe the instinctive shrinking of the girl from his eager caress.

"Who is this gentleman?" he asked suddenly, dropping his hands, and flushing.

"This—why this—this——" floundered Evelyn, getting white and pink by turns and not knowing what to say.

"I am simple John Taylor, of Norfolk, Va.," intercepted Gordon suavely. There was just enough hint of the Southern drawl in his tone to make his assertion sound convincing. "I have come to renew an acquaintance I once had with Miss Drew's father—and with Miss Drew," he added with a gallant smile. "And you, sir?"

The gallant smile did not make a hit with the young man. His lip curled ever so slightly.

"I? Why, of course Evelyn didn't consider me important enough to mention. I am only Melvin Adams—her fiancé!"

With which exhibition of ill-temper and ill-breeding he turned on his heel and strode impatiently from the room. Gordon Painter glanced inquisitively at Evelyn. Her face grew dark with many emotions, and she came toward the detective and murmured:

"I hate him! And I'll never marry him—never! Never! Not even to please father!"

Whatever answer Gordon might have made to this was halted by a sudden swish of skirts, a thin, richly jewelled hand clutching at the curtains at the library door—and then the fully revealed figure of a woman standing in the doorway.

"I have come here to see Mr. Downing Drew and I mean to see him at once," she announced

Her voice was cold and dry, and there was a glitter in her eyes which Gordon Painter had long ago learned to recognize as a danger signal in a woman. This was a singularly striking creature—tall, well-figured and gowned in pale green and gold by an artist. But in the moulding of her chin and neck, in the pose and carriage of her hands, and by many other subtle symptoms which it was a part of his profession to read and to understand, he saw more than appeared on the surface.

"Where is he?" she demanded, when neither Evelyn nor Gordon had replied.

"My father does not see visitors, except by appointment," answered Evelyn, the cool antagonism of a woman of one kind against a woman of another icing her tones and her manner. "Have you a letter from him?"

The strange woman shrugged her shoulders and smirked her too red lips in an exaggerated gesture of contempt.

"Humph!" she said, and stepped away from the door. The listening girl and detective heard her hasten down the corridor; they heard her pause suddenly and pound with furious hands upon the thick paneling of a door.

"That's father's private room!" gasped Evelyn. "How did she ever know that?"

But Gordon Painter motioned her into instant silence.

"You know who this is," the woman was crying in strident tones. "Let me in before that wooden-legged guy with his eye-patch gets here—or I'll tell the world what I know about you—you old blood-sucker—you fiend—you robber—you murderer!"

Her voice had been rising higher and higher in the shrill frenzy of an hysterically angry woman. Evelyn turned to Gordon Painter with agony drawing her lovely features into sad lines.

"Why doesn't father call Beazum and have her taken away?" she asked piteously—and then, with a gasp, stopped to listen. What she heard, as the door of her father's private room was opened, almost surpassed belief.

"There—there, dearie!" It was her father's voice, whining an entreaty to this maddened, storming woman. His voice lowered as he murmured protests and drew her into his room. The door slammed shut.

Evelyn sprang up like an angered tigress.

"What right has that creature in my house?" she cried. "How dare she speak to my father like that. I'm going in there and I am going to——"

It required a vast amount of persuasion upon Gordon Painter's part to calm her. But he told her it was better that she remain quiet—and wait a little while, at least.

It was while he was speaking to her and trying to soothe her that Evelyn saw, through the window, an object which her imagination had been conjuring up as a minister of evil for many weeks.

The wooden-legged man with the patch over his eye was stumping across the green lawn, his one eye fixed steadily upon the entrance of the house. Through the haze of that moody afternoon he stalked, as if he were a messenger of fate, set out upon an inexorable journey.

"There he comes!" murmured Evelyn, more to herself than to the detective at her side. But Gordon Painter, for once that afternoon, was not listening to Evelyn't conversation. He had heard the door down the corridor open and had heard the voice of the strange woman bidding Downing Drew an imperious farewell.

Presently the gorgeous visitor swept majestically down the corridor and out on the porch, humming a gay tune and apparently well satisfied with life and all that it held.

Motioning to Evelyn to follow, Gordon Painter hurried across the library floor and stood in the embrasured window there, from which he had a commanding view of the entire lawn. The wooden-legged man was at the edge of the circling shell path as the strange woman came down the steps, and then the two saw each other.

The man almost staggered in the shock of recognition that played like a flash of lightning across his white, emaciated face. But the woman seemed to enjoy the experience. She threw back her head and her hard, cold laughter lost itself in the haze that clung to the mysterious treetops.

Then she swept on her way, while the wooden-legged man with more than one backward glance, climbed up the steps and sounded the knocker. A maid answered and Gordon Painter, his ear against the curtains of the library door, harkened to the conversation that followed.

"Is Mr. Downing Drew at home? He is? Of course he is! Tell him Jack Flame is back home again. Tell him just that—and then say to him, say, girl, say to him, 'Spider's oil!' Ha! By blood, that'll fetch him. Tell him Jack Flame's home again. And then say, 'Spider's oil!' Quick, girl! Quick!"

The frightened maid sped down the corridor, and Gordon Painter retreated hastily from the door as he heard the thumping of the peg leg down the hardwood hallway floor. He was not a moment too soon. Two white, bony hands seized the curtains and thrust them asunder and Jack Flame stood in the center. He was smiling with the abandon of a cavalier.

"Good-afternoon," he said airily. "Miss Drew, I see. And you're supposed to be a detective. Ha!"

He waved a hand derisively at Gordon Painter, and then flung himself gayly into the corridor again, as the maid's pattering footsteps were heard. She was told to bring him right in to see Mr. Drew.

Whoever Jack Flame might be, it was evident he had given Gordon Painter a jolt. But Gordon Painter was not the kind to stay jolted long.

"You must excuse me now," he whispered to Evelyn. "Here is where I am going to earn my fee!"

He was walking toward the door when there was a sudden, wild clattering of heavy feet planking loudly on the porch steps, and then tramping furiously down the corridor.

"Help! Blood! Death!" roared a voice in abject terror.

Evelyn and Painter dashed out in the corridor just in time to halt the precipitate rush of the wild-eyed, touselled, horror-stricken gardener.

"What is it, Beazum?" cried Evelyn.

"Blood! Death!" he roared again, and, beckoning to them, turned and rushed out of the house again. Across the lawn he raced, plunging at last into a little park of oaks and elms. A splash of pale green and gold caught Gordon Painter's eye—and then the whole terrible truth was revealed.

On the ground, beside the gnarled roots of a sprawling century oak, lay the body of the woman who had just come from that mysterious interview with Downing Drew. Blood was flowing from a long, jagged wound in her side, and from it stuck out the handle of a knife.

The woman of mystery had been murdered!

CHAPTER THREE

THE RED LAMP GOES OUT

GORDON PAINTER at once assumed charge of the situation.

"Here, man," he called, addressing the blubbering, terrified Beazum, "run for a doctor, quick! Hurry!" and as the man sped away he turned to the white, horror-racked

Evelyn with a rare tenderness and said: "Now, little girl, you go to your room and I'll send some one to you. Try not to think of this—and, above all things, don't worry about your father!"

She turned lustrous, frightened eyes up toward him; eyes in which there lurked a tinge of doubt.

"How can you tell me that?" she asked. "You have been here for hours and I have seen you do nothing. Oh, don't be offended at me—but it is all so strange, so mysterious—so terrible—I am afraid!"

In the detective's eyes there was a great longing to tell her what he had already discovered; the appeal of her youth, her beauty, her helpfulness well nigh swept him out of his habitual poise and caution, but he checked himself. What might be lurking in the shadows that were creeping with the dusk from out those mysterious elms and oaks that hemmed in this spot of sudden death?

"I cannot tell you what I now know," he answered her, "but I do promise you that nothing evil shall overtake your father."

She looked at him gratefully then, and believingly, and turning, hurried back across the lawn. Gordon Painter stood and watched her until she had disappeared into the house.

The last rays of the sunset poured through a tiny opening in the trees and bathed the still form of the mysterious creature who had been struck down. About the place the shadows of evening were closing quickly. Beside the body, Gordon Painter knelt and made a quick, thorough examination. He studied the wound, and the handle of the knife which had ended her life. He looked long upon the face, for in the final expression that death had carved upon it there was an enigma that was hard to read.

Gordon Painter was not satisfied that he knew the real answer to that enigma when he rose to his feet. He had been startled by a sound like a gasp and stood up quickly. To his surprise he saw Melvin Adams, the rude young lover of Evelyn, gazing as if stupefied at the form of the woman.

"Good God, what has happened?" he blurted thickly.

"Murder!" snapped the detective sharply. "Stay here and watch the body. It may help you!"

With which the detective strode off, leaving the pale-faced young man gazing dumbly at the figure revealed by the final glow of a red-tinged west.

Once more in the house, Gordon Painter sought out the housekeeper, told her sternly not to go into hysterics, informed her of what had occurred, and sent her to Evelyn's room. He then retraced his steps down the hallway, and rapped at the door of Downing Drew.

The rattling jabber of Jack Flame's voice which he heard through the door ceased abruptly. There was a moment's silence and then another voice—presumably Drew's—rasped out, "Who is it? What is it? What do you want?"

"I want to see Mr. Downing Drew—on police business," thundered Painter.

A startled pause now. Jack Flame's voice came again, speaking in earnest admonition. Suddenly the door was flung back, and Jack Flame stood in the doorway.

"Who are you?" he asked, barring the way.

"I thought you knew," retorted Painter coolly. "You greeted me as a detective about an hour ago. I want to go in—so please step aside!"

Jack Flame laughed merrily.

"You want to come in, eh? Well, by toads and whiskers, you shall come in, then. Who's to hinder? Not Jack Flame, by toads and whiskers. Enter, sir, in the name of the king!"

He stepped back, and Gordon Painter entered into the holy of holies of Downing Drew. He was not prepared for the strange spectacle which he beheld.

The room was simply, almost plainly furnished, in contrast to the luxurious elegance of the rest of the house. There was a flat mahogany desk in the center, and behind it, a little to the left, stood a large lamp, from which descended a fierce, sullen red glow. The shade was red and the base and shaft were red. The intense crimson glare that it focussed on the chair immediately within the radius of its illumination gave an almost demoniacal expression to the countenance of the old man who occupied the chair. The old man was squinting and scowling at Painter.

"What can a policeman want with me?" he snarled, drumming his hands in an infernal tattoo on the glass top of his desk.

"A woman came to see you a short while ago, Mr. Drew," Painter reminded him significantly.

"Well? Is that any reason you should come prying and meddling into my affairs? Can't you see I'm busy here? Don't you see I'm having a conference with this gentleman? Out with it—don't stand there tongue-tied like a mummy—what do you want? What business is it of yours if I do have a lady visitor, eh?"

"The lady has just been found in your grounds—murdered!" answered the detective coldly.

"Murdered?"

Downing Drew squealed the word in an utter hysteria of incredulity. His fists clenched and he half rose from his chair.

"Murdered!"

He repeated the word with a heavy sigh.

"Who did it?" he snapped, regaining his poise.

"That's what I came to talk to you about," Painter replied. "There are some questions I should like to put to you—before the local coroner and the local sheriff get here."

"Coroner? Sheriff? Oh, good heavens!" groaned the old man. "What a business. All right. I'll tell you all I can about that poor soul—but let me collect myself. I—I am a little upset. My nerves have been bad for a long time. That is why you see me sitting under this light. It is a new therapeutic prescription that Dr. Hartman has given me. Now, let me see. That lady was Mrs. Gwendolyn Harris. She——"

A piercing scream interrupted the old man. It was the wild, stricken cry of a woman in distress. The old man jumped back violently; Jack Flame spun around on his wooden leg, and Gordon Painter darted for the door. He knew the voice. It was Evelyn's—and she was in trouble.

Up the stairs he bounded, five steps at a clip, and rushed down the corridor that led, he knew, to her door. Without hesitation he flung it open. Evelyn was leaning from a window, moaning and sobbing.

"What has happened?" he implored her.

Dumbly she pointed out of the window. He saw Melvin Adams rushing across the lawn, his face haggard and determined, in his hand a revolver clutched tight. If ever man was bent on suicide, it was he.

Evelyn found her tongue. She caught Gordon Painter's coat and spoke quickly, clearly, with the inspired utterance of one who is at a crisis.

"I told him I did not love him and would not marry him," she explained. "He is desperate. Oh, save him—I don't want him to do that!"

Gordon Painter was a man who acted quickly and decisively whenever action was needed. Out of the window he scrambled and monkeyed down the edge of the wall by clinging to its vines, until he was at the bottom safely, in

less than two minutes. Scurrying across the lawn, he reached the side of Adams just in time to knock the revolver from his hand.

"Don't be a fool!" he cried breathlessly. "Be a man!"

For a few moments neither spoke. Then, with a deprecating air, Adams faced the detective miserably.

"I am a failure," he said. "A failure at everything I do. I failed to win the one woman I wanted—the only woman I ever wanted. Now I fail even in ending my own life. But you are right—it's manlier not to. I won't do it again!"

"Cheer up!" panted Painter. "You may win her yet!"

It cost the investigator a great deal to say that last. And he was dumbfounded when Adams looked him square in the eye and replied:

"No, damn you—she loves you!"

He turned and walked away, head down, his arms dangling idly, the very incarnation of abject despondency. Gordon Painter felt heartily sorry for him.

But remembering the interrupted conference with Downing Drew, the detective hurried back. As he sprinted over the lawn he looked up and caught a glance and a grateful smile from Evelyn at the window ledge. And somehow that smile went deep into his heart—so deep that it threatened to take his mind off the grim and ghastly business on which he was engaged and which demanded every part of his mind just now.

But he was not destined to get back to Downing Drew's study uninterrupted. Standing on the porch steps, thumping at the knocker and betraying every symptom of impatience, were two of the most extraordinary figures Gordon Painter had ever seen.

One was a weazened, gray-curled man, wearing a big, black felt hat, and carrying a gnarled, thorny stick in one hand and a black bag in the other. The other was a much younger individual—a pasty-faced youth, in fact, with a cap checked in many hues and tints, and with his thumb stuck in his mouth, while his fingers wriggled around his nose.

Like a flash the memory of what Evelyn had said to him in his study came back to him—"But the most villainous of all are Dr. Hartman and his idiotic son!"

These, then, must be the doctor and his offspring! Indeed, the detective was not left long in doubt. Catching sight of him, the doctor thrust out his stick, whether as a signal or in salutation Painter could only guess, and then he shouted:

"I say! Hey! Where's all the trouble that's about this place?"

By this time Gordon Painter had reached his side. It could not be said that either father or son improved particularly on closer examination.

"What do you mean?" parried the detective.

"Dear me!" fumed the old man, as his son emitted a series of unintelligible sounds. "I was reading Browning's poems comfortably in my office when that old numbskull of a Beazum comes planking in at me and yells to me there's been murder done and blood and death and God knows what else. So I packed up here and now you ask me what I mean!"

Gordon Painter turned and pointed a steady finger at the darkening little park of trees.

"There is a woman on the ground in there," he said. "She has a dagger in her side. Yet she may still not be beyond your aid. Go to her!"

The young gentleman accompanying Dr. Hartman gazed open-mouthed when he heard what Gordon said, but he tagged behind his father as the old man lumbered down hurriedly in the direction of the park. Gordon turned and went into the house. To his surprise, he met Jack Flame thumping down the corridor, his eye-patch awry, his countenance the very photograph of horror and amazement.

"The lamp went out!" he called hoarsely, at sight of the detective.

"Well, what of it?" snapped the detective irritably.

"What of it!"

Jack Flame spun on his wooden leg as if the question were an insult.

"Hell's bells!" he croaked. "This house is possessed of the devil! The old man's gone—gone, I tell you—melted away before my very eyes, and I can't find him nowhere!"

"You're under arrest, Jack Flame," cried Gordon Painter.

CHAPTER FOUR

GREEN AND GOLD IN THE GLOOM

THE wooden-legged man paused to adjust his patch-eye neatly in its proper latitude before replying.

Fixing his one good optic searchingly on the detective, he appeared to be searching into the very depths of Painter's soul. For once his effervescent loquacity came to a full halt. Then he drew back his head, dropped his cavernous lower jaw, and laughed joyously.

"Arrested—and by a real detective! By the tail of the sacred striped zuzu bird! I am honored this night of all nights in the year. Where's your handcuffs, merry sleuth?"

If by his very audacity he had meant to bluff Gordon Painter he was mistaken. The young investigator drew steel bracelets from a rear pocket and clicked them on the strange fellow's wrists almost in the twinkling of an eye.

"What's the charge, Sherlock?" asked Jack Flame mockingly.

"Enough to spread your case over two pages of the criminal docket," retorted Painter grimly. "You may keep quiet now—and follow me!"

Jack Flame laughed quietly, showing his teeth and closing his eyes as if he were overcome with amusement. But he took the detective's hint good naturedly enough and followed quietly as Painter led the way back to the door of Downing Drew's sanctum.

Inky blackness confronted him as he stood on the threshold. Drawing his pocket lamp he shot an oval of brilliance toward the desk, and revealed an empty chair. Then, by playing the rays of the light around the walls, he sought the electric button. When finally he found it, he discovered that it did not work. He pushed it in and out without result.

Stepping quickly across the room, he examined the big floor lamp from which the red rays had fallen upon the head and shoulders of Downing Drew. After a moment's search he found the attachment by which it was illuminated. He pressed this, but equally without result. There seemed no way to secure a complete illumination of this singular room.

"To your right—to your right—feel around with your foot!" whispered a voice.

It might have come from Jack Flame. And then again it might not. But the detective followed its advice, and suddenly his groping boot touched the end of the electric connection which had been withdrawn from the socket at the base of the lamp. It was the work of less than a minute to replace it, and instantly the red glow of the lamp bathed the room again with its scarlet effulgence. But it revealed no trace of Downing Drew.

"Sit down!" commanded Painter, and Jack Flame, who had apparently lost his taste for talking, sat down quietly in a plain, cane-bottomed chair and stared curiously around the room.

"First we had a murder mystery here—and now we have a disappearance that is also more than likely—where's that telephone?" barked Painter suddenly. He reached for the instrument and gave rapid instructions to the operator.

"Hellоa!" he cried, after a wait amazingly brief in these days of long service delays. *"Mordecai? Delvot sel rute tey Gwendolyn Harris. Meemee tass yaya—zute he!"*

"Holy prohibition!" exploded Jack Flame, seemingly jarred from his reverie. "What kind of lingo was that?"

But it was now Gordon Painter's time to laugh and show his teeth. He did not deign to answer the question of the wooden-legged man—instead he began to plan his line of action in his mind. With the threads of many important clues already in his hands—in his grasp before he had seen the woman who was murdered, indeed—clues gathered so that no one watching him could have known how or when or by what means—there were still features of these two mysteries which baffled and puzzled him. So he set to work to seek them out.

With the most deliberate care he set about a careful examination of the room, beginning at one corner and working his way gradually around. The process afforded Jack Flame vast and unconcealed amusement. He watched Gordon Painter's minute examination with unhidden delight, but to the detective's surprise he refrained from commenting, except one single jab, which doubtless he found it impossible to withhold.

"Old Bulbul Sherlocko on the scent, eh?" he bantered, and then relapsed into a grinning, watchful silence.

He stared interestedly, however, a moment later when Painter bent forward with a grunt expressive of huge curiosity. Painter was on his knees and from the carpet he lifted a speck of something which he carried in his palm to a spot below the crimson rays of the lamp.

"Putty!" he muttered. "Pink putty! Glory, what a damning circumstance!"

Jack Flame shifted his position and hunched forward.

"How do you mean?" he asked, dropping his habitual manner. "What can you tell from a simple thing like a piece of putty?"

But Gordon Painter merely smiled, and continued his search. He was half-way around the little room before he came upon anything else important. But this time he did not lift anything. Instead he sprawled flat on his stomach, studying something with avid curiosity. And when he rose, flushed and dusty, there was a gleam of something very much like triumph and achievement in his eyes.

"Come in, doctor. I was just about to send for you," he said heartily.

Dr. Hartman had just appeared in the doorway. Behind him trailed his inevitable son, who was chewing one end of his variegated check cap with great gusto. The physician gave Painter a curious look as he stood there. He seemed to wonder by what authority this stranger invited him in.

"Where's my patient?" he demanded querulously.

"Come in, doctor," repeated Painter. "I am a detective and just now am in charge of this case."

"Where is my patient?" repeated Dr. Hartman doggedly. "I am a doctor and in charge of his case. And he is a mighty sick man—he shouldn't get away from that red lamp. He—oh, good Lord—what's that?"

His gaze for the first time had fallen on the manacled spectacle of Jack Flame.

"Prisoner!" grinned Jack Flame. "Charged with murder and a few other things. Sherlocko, here, has got it all doped out. He hasn't used a tape-line and a magnifying glass yet—but when he does! Say, doc, I'm as good as electrocuted already. Haven't got an honest-to-God cigar in your pocket, have you, doc?"

With an indignant swish of his coat tails, the dignified Dr. Hartman turned his back on the impudent wooden-legged man.

"Where did you say Mr. Drew was?" he persisted.

"I didn't say," returned Gordon Painter. "I said for you to come in and sit down. This is an official investigation and——"

"It can't be official," sniffed Dr. Hartman contemptuously. "You are not a local official, and——"

"That will do. Will you or will you not come in and sit down?"

Dr. Hartman took another look at Gordon Painter's jaws and then came in and sat down. His son followed, filliping a sportive hand at Jack Flame as he passed him.

"Now," said Gordon Painter, "I want old man Beazum and Melvin Adams and the housekeeper."

"But not Miss Evelyn Drew—ah, la la, la la, la la!" crowed Jack Flame.

"Net yet!"

Gordon Painter's tone silenced Jack Flame on that tune and it was not renewed. The detective rang a small bell on the desk top and the housekeeper, a youngish Irish woman named Dougherty, trudged in heavily.

"Nora," said Painter, "I want you to find Beazum and Mr. Adams and ask them to come here at once."

Nora dropped a courtesy and cleared her throat nervously and spoke:

"Plaze, sor," she said humbly, "but it was ould Beazum himself that but jist now had me on the tillephone. And he sez, sez he, plaze be afther tillin' the police gintleman that O'im dune here wid the coroner mon and it's soon Oi'l be home agin!"

"Thank you, Nora!" replied Painter. "Better find Mr. Adams, then."

But that was unnecessary. Scarcely had the housekeeper trudged out than Adams swung back the heavy door and strode in among them.

"Where is it?" he cried. "Where has it flown to?"

All of them gazed upon him in anxious, questioning silence. His eyes roved from one face to another, until at last he and Gordon Painter faced each other across the desk.

"The body—the woman's body!" he cried. "It's gone—I saw it glide away in the shadows!"

"Mr. Adams," said Gordon calmly, "you, too, are under arrest!"

CHAPTER FIVE

GUILTY!

HE placed the handcuffs on the astounded, speechless Adams and told him brusquely to take a chair. But Adams was not to go undefended.

"Let him go! He didn't do anything!"

The words came passionately, fiercely, from Evelyn, who had suddenly appeared in the doorway. She pointed an accusing finger at Gordon Painter.

"I trusted you!" she cried. "I believed in you. But now I know your great reputation is a sham—you don't deserve to be called a detective. I have never liked Melvin Adams—but I know him too well to believe he could

commit a crime. Where is my father—why doesn't he interfere?"

"Ha! Ha! The lady takes a hand!" cried Jack Flame.

A look of pain shot across the features of Gordon Painter. He saw the fury in Evelyn's eyes—the glances she gave him were those of a woman who had learned suddenly to hate him. But he did not flinch in his duty.

"I am sorry, Miss Drew," he said quietly, solemnly. "No one, I am certain, can harm your father now."

He paused a moment, as if it were difficult for him to say what he had to say.

"I must remind you," he continued doggedly, addressing her directly, "that I am in charge here—officially at present, though Dr. Hartman does not seem to believe so. I must ask, therefore, that you retire until this investigation is completed."

She looked at him defiantly—a proud defiance, for all her wisp of figure and fragile, flower-like face.

"You are not in charge of me," she answered. "I am going to stay here until I know what has happened—to daddy!"

Her voice broke then. She had loved that strange old man, for all his odd and churlish ways.

The tingling of the telephone bell interrupted a bad moment. Gordon Painter answered it, and listened intently.

"*Yejelmo*," he said, his face lighting into a smile. "*An sote waynay lo!*"

"Gosh!" ejaculated Jack Flame, as the others stared in amazement.

Painter replaced the receiver on the hook and faced the others with a smile that seemed very strange and very out of place under such circumstances.

"Dr. Hartman," he said frankly, "I am going to enlist your co-operation in what I have to say and do, because you will undoubtedly be a most important witness in the case. I hope I may have your assistance."

"Yes," answered the doctor bluntly. "But I should like to know what has become of my patient?"

He thumped his gnarled stick impatiently as he asked the question, and Evelyn Drew burst into tears. At the same time, Dr. Hartman's son pointed a stubby finger across the room and uttered a weird cry of horror.

Every one turned to follow his gaze, but they saw nothing but a blank and empty wall. At the same moment the boy bounded from his chair and leaped upon Evelyn Drew.

Dr. Hartman was on his feet in an instant. The bulky youth was pawing at the struggling girl with ham-like hands of the strength of the gorilla. As Gordon Painter leaped like a panther to her rescue, Dr. Hartman raised his stick and brought it down with murderous ferocity aimed at the detective's head.

But the blow never struck its mark.

Instantaneously Melvin Adams sprang from his chair and hurled himself in the way. On his head the murderous blow descended, and without a gasp he dropped in a crumpled heap to the floor.

At the same moment, the red light went out and the room was plunged into darkness.

In the blackness of that strange place there was then a dreadful striving, mingled with gasps and curses and a woman's screams. Evelyn was in the grasp of brute arms that were encircling her like huge bands of steel, caught in the clutches of enormous, malevolent strength—and she was being drawn backward, backward, by an irresistible power toward the door. Old Dr. Hartman, heaving oaths and blasphemies, was slashing about him in the gloom, and some one stumbled over the prostrate figure of the stricken young Hartman. A chair was knocked across the floor and then a door slammed.

For a time that seemed eternity there was silence in that room. Not a sound was uttered save for a low clicking and heavy gasps of breath. All was doubt and darkness.

Then the light came up again—that strange, sinister red glow in which the vanishing Downing Drew had sat so long—that enigmatic light which of itself was so deep and singular a mystery.

Its crimson beams revealed an extraordinary scene.

Unconscious in a heap on the floor lay the bulking form of Dr. Hartman's son, his bloody face beaten almost beyond recognition. He did not stir and scarcely did he breathe.

Bending over him watchfully was Gordon Painter.

Jammed against the wall, handcuffed and powerless, stood Dr. Hartman. At his feet lay his blood-stained stick. A man was threatening him with a wicked-looking revolver.

The man was Jack Flame.

"Jack, old man, you got out of those handcuffs just in time," called Painter.

"That's what I was here for, wasn't it?" replied Jack grimly. "Look out there, Gordon—quick!"

Gordon Painter was just in time to catch Evelyn in his arms. The terror of the darkness and the shock of the revelations that came with the light had been too much. She had swooned away.

CHAPTER SIX

THE GREATEST SURPRISE OF ALL

SQUATTING on the plain mission desk, which is the chief ornament of furniture in the office of Gordon Painter, is a grinning heathen idol carved in bronze. Its two hands are held above its head and clasp a clock dial. When the hours come, the clock chimes melodiously. Nine times it struck that evening as the door opened and three persons entered.

They were Evelyn Drew, Jack Flame and Gordon Painter.

Silently Jack Flame offered the girl a chair, as Gordon Painter flashed on the lights. The wooden-legged man of mystery sat down, a worried, awkward frown displacing for the time the care-free expression that was his habitual guise. Painter was pale, but his manner indicated suppressed excitement. Indeed, he had a great deal on his chest.

"Miss Drew," he began, "I am going to be very frank with you. Since the time you came to see me, scarcely nine hours ago, many strange things have happened. Most of them were utter mysteries to you. I am going to explain those mysteries.

"Before I do so, however, I want you to remember that you are receiving confidential intelligence—that the secrets to be entrusted to you now, and which I believe you are entitled to know, are the secrets of a power infinitely greater than any individual. I know that we are secure from eavesdropping. I know there are enough guards secreted about this building, hiding in unsuspected places, to protect us from spies. But I must rely on you to be discreet; to nail up your memories of this conversation and never to reveal them to any living soul. I do not exact this promise for myself as an individual, but for that power, that vast influence of which I have spoken. That

power is the government of this nation. Do I have your promise?"

Evelyn silently nodded her head.

"You are most concerned with what has happened to your father," continued the detective. "My dear Miss Drew, you will be utterly amazed when I tell you the real truth as to what your father really was. For years he lived in constant, hourly danger of his life, and you never knew."

"How was that?" asked Evelyn quickly.

"Your father was the brains, the chief directing power, the very autocrat of one of the most powerful arms of the secret service!" announced Gordon Painter.

Evelyn Drew sat back in her chair, too startled to speak. She gazed at the detective in utter incredulity.

"My father—in the secret service!" she gasped.

"He has been in it for the last thirty years—long before it was reorganized on its modern basis—before you and I were born," he answered. "And not even your own mother knew it. Ostensibly he was a manufacturer, having important interests abroad. He maintained an office in Chambers street and went to business every day. But all this was what we know, in modern times, as camouflage. In reality he was directing an extensive and intricate organization of men in their search for counterfeiters, slavers—and traitors!

"At the close of the war your father, Miss Drew, was confronted with the greatest task ever imposed upon a secret service man. America was—and is to-day—overrun with the agents and emissaries of Lenine and Trotzky—sowing the seeds of Bolshevism in this land, sending bombs through the mails and working night and day for the destruction of this republic. It was your wonderful father's assignment to dig into that deadly business and among all its thousand ramifications to find the heart and the brains of its leadership on this side of the Atlantic—and to crush it.

"To do this, he attacked the problem from every angle known to an experienced agent. Into the heart of Russia he sent a party of men, led by one of the most brilliant lights of the service"—he turned and bowed to Jack Flame, who winked briskly and actually blushed—"and commissioned Jack to find out who was the Bolshevik chief in this country. He also was told to get any other information bearing on the subject that it was possible to secure.

"And here occurred what promised to be a fatal step in his proceedings. By some dire mischance, the Red agents in New York learned the identity that for thirty years had cloaked with mystery the person of the chief of our bureau. They found out that your father, Downing Drew, was that man. Three attempts were made to end his life, but all failed because of the excellent protective system that had been constantly thrown around him for more than a quarter of a century. It is a system perhaps as elaborate as that used with the president of the United States.

"But the Bolsheviki are not fools. That is the trouble with most people in this country. The Bolsheviki are brainy men, and they know how to do startling, dangerous things to win a point. They set out to trap your father in a truly remarkable way.

"They knew that Jack Flame had secured the information he had been sent for and that he had escaped into the snows of Siberia. Some day they knew he would return and with him would come their death warrant. So they began to devise, cunningly, what they should do.

"It was here that Pertel Rand himself elected to take a hand. Pertel Rand, I may tell you, was the principal agent of the Bolshevik chief in America. A man of infinite resources, he prepared a devilishly clever plot.

"It was simply this: He would contrive a way to watch over your father and learn, as best he could, when Jack Flame would be coming home. Then he would murder your father, impersonate him to Jack Flame, get all his secrets from him, and before he could escape also kill him!"

Evelyn Drew shuddered as the monstrous conception was revealed to her. What a world of horror had been at her feet and she did not know!

"To do this," resumed Gordon Painter, "he adopted the guise of a physician—Dr. Hartman—and went to live in the village of Glen Park. With him went one who purported to be his half-witted son. This half-witted son was seen only at rare intervals. In fact, he was observed only on the afternoons that Beazum, the Drew butler, was allowed off!"

"Beazum!" cried Evelyn. "Was he that——"

"He was," Gordon Painter assured her. "And he was a Red spy, planted in your own father's home. And it was about this time that 'Dr. Hartman,' as Rand elected to be called, prescribed a most unusual treatment for Mr. Drew, who had purposely encouraged the advances made by the 'doctor.' He told him his nerves were giving way and that red light would benefit him. Such a thing has been talked of in medical journals—but Rand's purpose was far from medical. Your father deliberately encouraged the scheme, though he pretended to be skeptical.

"Under the glare of a red lamp a disguise is much less noticeable than in ordinary white light. For the peculiar disguise that Rand meant to use it was absolutely indispensable. And for the success of this plan it was necessary that Mr. Drew be known to sit in the glow of the red lamp all the time, so that when Dr. Hartman sprang his trick, his being in the red light would seem quite natural.

"Now, mark what happened! One day a letter came from abroad, with a spider drawn at the bottom. It identified itself at once as coming from Jack, not only to Mr. Drew, but also to his butler, Beazum, who received it and turned it over to you. That was the signal. The red light treatment was begun at once. Everything was made ready for the grand finale, and then, as he sat alone in his studio one evening your father was viciously, treacherously, suddenly attacked.

"In a trice he was overcome. To the left of his desk there is a secret door, which opens into a closet, and which I found in my examination to-night, and thence into the outer corridor. It was built there for use in an emergency. Beazum and Hartman knew of this secret door and with one other man in their employ they carried your father through that door while all the rest of the house was sleeping. They left him with their confederate with instructions to kill him and throw him into a deep, abandoned well, which they covered over with briers and dried brush."

Gordon Painter had found it hard to go on. Now he came to a full stop, as Evelyn sobbed in her distress. But she was a brave girl and asked him to tell her all.

"Then Dr. Hartman went back to the house," he continued. "He went through the secret passage-way back into the study, and there began one of the most difficult parts of his fiendish plan. He had to 'make up' as they say on the stage to look like the man he had just attacked so foully.

"But Dr. Hartman—or Rand as I know him—was equal to the emergency. In his youth he had been an actor, and he knew how to use various ingredients to build up a face perfectly. Of course, at close range, such a deception

would be instantly apparent. But not under the dark, glowing crimson of the glowing lamp.

"In less than an hour he had wrought a miracle in face putty. There was Downing Drew again in that room—and to give the devil his due, Rand was artist enough to imitate the very crack in his voice, the impatient gestures which were habitually Drew's. Of its kind it was a master-work. And there, like a spider in its web, Rand waited for the coming of Jack Flame.

"But here a complication intervened—the human element came into play and would have spelled disaster, even had there not been other influences working against those marvelous plans. In the Bolshevik ring which Pertel Rand dominated there was a woman known to the stage as Gwendolyn Harris. Her real name was Yetta Carll, and she was formerly on the stage abroad with Rand. From what my agents have told me, I know that she claimed to be his wife. But that is a matter to be doubted. Marriage is not a great thing in the eyes of the Bolsheviki.

"When Yetta learned this, knowing the details of Rand's scheme, she came right to your place. She knew the old man crouching in that study was not Downing Drew, but her lover, made up to look like Downing Drew in the glow of that red lamp. And that was why she so impudently stalked her way into his presence and why he dared not order her out of the place.

"Her mission there we can only surmise. But I believe she came to warn him that she would expose the whole bag of tricks to the police if Rand dared to play her false for another woman. Well! With characteristic Bolshevik promptness and brutality, Beazum, under the orders of his chief, struck her down, just after Jack Flame and she had recognized each other. For Jack here knew her of old.

"After that things happened quickly. Beazum apparently ran for Dr. Hartman. Instead he warned Rand that he had carried out his orders. Meanwhile Jack Flame had given the pseudo Downing Drew a lot of erroneous information. Rand thought he had all he wanted. The time was opportune.

"Out went the red light. In the darkness he escaped through the secret door. Later he meant to organize a search and discover the body of Mr. Drew in the well. Jack Flame would be killed before midnight and all would be well. Meanwhile, Beazum had hidden his disguise as an old man and reappeared on the piazza as Dr. Hartman's son, just as I emerged from the park.

"The cards, apparently, were all in their own hands, for we had handcuffed Jack and your cousin. I was only left, and it looked easy to abduct you and get away. For remember, Miss Drew, the guise of Dr. Hartman is very different from the real appearance of Pertel Rand. He might have gotten away clean with you in his toils. And once he had enmeshed you in the labyrinth of the Bolshevik underworld—God pity you!

"Your cousin's noble act will never be forgotten. The doctor says he will be out of the hospital in a few days. But before that attack came we had done several things. For one thing, we had frightened your cousin to death. I had the estate surrounded by my men, and two of them removed the body at my orders. Adams saw only the green and gold moving through the moonlight, and did not see the men. That was what upset him so. I never had a single suspicion of him all the while.

"The puzzling sounds you heard me speak through the telephone were a part of a very strange and wonderful system. Very few people know that in our secret service work we employ our own code language. We actually speak a language we have invented for ourselves. It has syntax and grammar, and you can parse its words. In that way we are enabled to talk anywhere, at any time, and not fear. And thus far it has eluded the efforts of the most vigilant spies.

"But there are some things still which puzzle you. Why did Jack Flame and I apparently act as strangers? Why did we allow Hartman—or Rand—and his confederates to go as far as they did? Because, dear Miss Drew, it was all a part of a pre-arranged plan to entrap them.

"We needed evidence on Pertel Rand, and we didn't have it. We knew he was agent of the chief, but we couldn't prove it. We knew if we could get the goods on him we could swing a whole school of them into an ark and send them back across the seas where they belong. So we played him out on a string and let him hang himself.

"When Jack landed in this country he was brought immediately to this office, where the situation was explained to him. It was rather a surprise to him when he found me in your house, but he thought I had been placed there to help out, and he kidded me a little about it. We kept up the drama only long enough for us to get men there and for others to look up the past of Yetta Carll. Then our case was complete. Rand and Hiff—Beazum's real name—will get their just deserts!"

There was silence for a few moments.

"Does anything else puzzle you?" asked Gordon Painter.

Her face was white and drawn with suffering.

"I dread to think of him—there—in the well," she said, her voice dry and tired. "It is a great deal for a girl to meet—in so few hours!"

No one answered her. Instead, from within that mysterious inner office to which Gordon Painter had retired when Evelyn first came to visit him—that retired room where Evelyn had fancied a super-detective might advise and brood—there came the sound of some one singing. It was a masculine voice, singing an old-fashioned, rollicking tune.

"I'm Captain Jinks of the horse marines!
I feed my horse on pork and beans,—
I know it's quite beyond my means,—
I'm a captain in the army!"

There was a gasp and sob from Evelyn Drew as she rose, trembling, from her chair.

"That's daddy's voice!" she stammered. "Just as he used to sing to me when I was a little girl. Oh! where——"

Gordon Painter caught her hands.

"Brave little lady," he said, "the confederate to whom Dr. Hartman entrusted your father's murder was really one of our own men. Your father escaped unharmed. He has remained hidden ever since in these very rooms—he was here to-day when you first came to consult with me—and he has been directing this fight because we were playing for big stakes—and to-night the heart of Bolshevism in America has been crushed. It was for the purposes of this grim chase that your father elected to make Hartman believe he had really succeeded. Hartman and his chief as well are now behind the bars. It is a great triumph for your daddy—but I fancy this is a sweeter, greater moment to him than anything else."

The door fell back and a man stood on the threshold. No broken, bent, feeble old gentleman, but an erect, alert, vigorous man, his face radiant with a smile of welcome for the child of his dearest hopes. This was Downing Drew himself—not as he had seemed to the world to which he had disguised himself, but the real man, the real father who held out his arms.

"It's you—it's really daddy!" she cried, and ran to his embrace

They all had a midnight supper together—Jack Flame and Downing Drew and Gordon Painter outdoing themselves in trying to make Evelyn forget her harrowing experiences of the day that was passing. And a right merry time they had of it—for Jack Flame was his old jolly self again, and had a new quip and jest for each moment, and a mighty contagious laugh, and the color crept back into Evelyn's cheeks and the glow into her eyes. And Gordon Painter felt that life was a little more worth living since Evelyn smiled at him so sweetly, and as for Downing Drew, he was like a boy again.

But it remained for Jack Flame to stir things up.

He lifted a glass containing a marvelous golden-hued concoction guaranteed to be so pleasant that one would never think of the good old days.

"A toast!" he cried. "Whiskers of a frog, but we've got to have a toast!"

The others agreed.

"To a brief courtship and a life of wedded bliss," he said gayly, winking with his one eye first at Downing Drew, next at Gordon—and finally, quite impudently—at Evelyn herself.

And Evelyn, instead of getting angry, only blushed and smiled.

LITTLE KNOWN HISTORY

GEORGE WASHINGTON made but one trip outside of the United States and that was an ocean trip through the Caribbean Sea, the farthest point reached on the trip having been the Island of Barbados, the easternmost of the Lesser Antilles. The occasion for the voyage was the ill health of the elder half-brother, Lawrence, who had been an invalid ever since he had led the troops from Virginia in the British expedition against Cartagena, in Colombia, then the property of the King of Spain.

The father of his country to be and his brother set sail from the Virginia capes on September 28, 1751, and landed after a voyage which cannot be duplicated in these days of steamboats at the Island of Barbados, which then had and still has the reputation of being one of the most healthful spots in the world. It is high and far out at sea, forever swept by invigorating ocean breezes, without a swamp in its 166 square miles. Its climate is favorable to longevity and it serves as a health resort.

It was on this island that Washington saw his first play, "George Barnwell." In his diary he became a dramatic critic to the extent of writing that the rôles "were said to be well performed."

He and his brother dined at Judge Maynard's, at the Beefsteak and Tripe Club, and were widely entertained. While there George was stricken with a severe case of smallpox, despite the healthfulness and "sweet climate" of the island, which left him pockmarked for life. It was February 1, 1752, when the brothers reached the Virginia capes after five weeks of stormy seafaring on the return voyage. Lawrence was not benefited by the trip and soon thereafter died, leaving his estate of Mount Vernon, now the national shrine of the United States, to George.

Those who take the Caribbean trip may have the satisfaction of knowing that they are following in the footsteps of the Father of His Country. The Episcopal Church has for many years been following in his footsteps. It has established missions and schools or dispensaries on various of the Caribbean islands. It has no work on the Island of Barbados, for that is a British possession and the Anglican Church has the field undisturbed, but it is actively at work in Cuba, the Isle of Pines, Hispaniola, comprising Hayti and the Dominican Republic, Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands, recently taken over by this country from Denmark.

The naming of the Virginia estate which George Washington inherited from his half-brother is connected with Caribbean waters. When England in 1740 declared war against Spain, "to open the ports of Spanish-America to mercantile enterprises," her American colonies were called upon to furnish troops.

Men to the number of 4,500 enrolled, the 500 from Virginia being headed by Lawrence Washington. The military objective of the expedition was Cartagena, the great city of the Spanish Main, where the pirate ships rendezvoused and golden argosies came together to cross the ocean with their treasures wrung from innocent natives to satiate the rapacious appetite of Spain for unearned wealth.

The expedition was a most inglorious failure. It was composed of 15,000 soldiers under command of General Wentworth and 112,000 sailors under Admiral Vernon. The two leaders were jealous of each other and each waited for the other to begin the attack. Young Lawrence Washington, whose commander-in-chief was Admiral Vernon, and his company of Virginians greatly distinguished themselves in a night attack on the Barradero battery, in which they spiked the guns of the battery.

But the bravery of the troops was of no avail against the bickerings of the commanders and tropical disease. At last General Wentworth, goaded to madness by Admiral Vernon's ceaseless criticism, decided on a midnight assault on Fort San Lazaro and sent 1,600 North Americans to the attack. When dawn came 1,000 of them were left dead on the plains. The rains then set in and yellow fever started. Men perished by the hundreds. In three days the effective force on land dwindled from 6,600 men to 3,200.

The attack was finally given up and Admiral Vernon sailed away with the remnants of the forces. At Jamaica heads were counted and it was found that the expedition had lost 20,000 men.

Lawrence Washington conceived a great admiration for Admiral Vernon and on his return home, with constitution undermined, he named his estate in honor of his commander. His admiration was shared by few others, and not at all by one Tobias Smollett, serving on the Admiral's ship as surgeon's mate and later one of the greatest realistic writers of his age.

Smollett described General Wentworth and Admiral Vernon as follows: "The Admiral was a man of much understanding, strong prejudices, boundless arrogance and overboiling passions, and the General, though he had some good parts, was wholly defective in point of experience, confidence and resolution."

The novelist's aversion to the commander of that ill-starred expedition was so sincere and lasting that to the day of his death, it is said, he would not drink a dram in any of the numerous taverns called "Admiral Vernon's Head" which dotted England in those days. But Mount Vernon still bears the Admiral's name and is a household word in America, though but few know that it was named to do him honor.

THE TYPED CLUE

By FRANK H. WILLIAMS.

DOWN the corridor from Tom Wentworth's office there came the sound of excited cries and a great rushing to and fro.

Tom, none too busy with the few cases that had so far come to his attention in his newly established law office, bestirred himself at the noise. What was coming off? Had a woman fainted, or something?

Instead of subsiding, the noise increased. He heard exclamations of amazement from nearby offices, and, determining to know just what all the turmoil was about, he got quickly from his seat and hurried to the door.

A little knot of people was gathered at the far end of the hall, where Judson Parkins, stock brokers, had their headquarters. A woman was screaming, and he noticed several men, with white faces, break away from the throng.

"What's the trouble?" Tom questioned, hurrying to the outside of the throng.

"Mr. Judson's been murdered!" the high-pitched voice of a trembling girl told him.

"Murdered? How?" ejaculated Tom.

But every one in the throng was too busy trying to catch a glimpse of the room through the partially closed door of the office to answer him.

Tom gasped. Judson murdered! Why only yesterday he had been chatting with the kindly, benevolent old man. Only yesterday Judson, perhaps taking pity on Tom's youth and lack of business, had given him an abstract to look over and render an opinion on. Judson murdered! It didn't seem possible. Who under the sun could have done it? Certainly it seemed queer to think of this smiling, happy, big-hearted old man having an idea who was so bitter in his hatred as to kill him. It just didn't seem possible that hate had been the incentive. And if not hate, what then?

At that moment Henry Parkins, Judson's partner, thrust his long, lean frame through the doorway and started down the hall, glancing keenly at the faces of the throng. Somewhat to Tom's astonishment, he suddenly found Parkins's eye lighting upon him with an appearance of relief.

"I was just going to look for you, Tom," said Parkins, grabbing Wentworth by the arm. "I suppose you know what's happened?"

Tom nodded.

"I want you to come in here and tell us the legal aspects of the case," said Parkins. "This is so sudden—so altogether out of my line. I feel rather helpless. You handled what legal business we have, and I feel you'll be a help to us now."

Parkins led the way into the office. Tom felt the curious, eager eyes of the throng following him as he entered the office. Almost it seemed to him as though they were greedy of his good fortune—if it might be called that—in getting in there while they were forced to stay on the outside and content themselves with morsels of gossip and flightly conjecture.

There were three people in the room. Huddled in a corner, her face shrouded in her arms, was Mabel Torrey, the pretty and highly efficient stenographer for the firm. Standing at the bookkeeper's desk, restlessly shuffling a handful of mail which he never looked at while his pale blue eyes shifted constantly about the room, was aged Edmund Montgomery, the white-haired bookkeeper for the firm, who had been with them since the firm was established. And, standing at the far side of the room between the two windows which overlooked the street, was young Henry Parkins, Jr., son of the living member of the firm. Young Henry's face was white, his hands trembling. He seemed fear-stricken and soul-horrified, and well he might be, for he was gazing fascinatedly at the dead body of Maurice Judson lying there on the floor.

As was only natural, Tom hurried at once to Judson's body, casting a quick glance at the surroundings as he did so. Judson's face was to the floor, his hands sprawled out at either side of his body and nearly touching the stenographer's desk, which stood near the left-hand window. Back of Judson, at his feet, was the office safe, unopened. A little pool of blood surrounded Judson's head. His face had been slashed, apparently, so far as Tom could judge from the side view he got of the countenance. But the real cause of death seemed to me a knife wound in the back, directly behind the heart.

Tom felt the presence of the elder Parkins behind him and turned to him.

"We haven't touched a thing," Parkins explained slowly, his eyes resting upon the body of his ex-partner enigmatically. "I didn't know whether we had the right to touch anything or not until—until the authorities had seen the body. Can we move him or—what shall we do?"

"I'll call the coroner," said Tom. "I'd not touch anything until he gives us permission."

While waiting for the arrival of the coroner Tom gathered what details he could of the crime.

"I came to the office with my son about 8 o'clock this morning," said the elder Parkins. "Young Henry, you know, is just starting in with us to learn the business. When I started to unlock the door I had a premonition that something was wrong, because—the door wasn't locked. Henry and I hurried in. Nothing seemed to be out of place or wrong in any way until we stepped behind the counter and saw—this!"

Parkins pointed his hand dramatically to Judson's dead body.

"Naturally we had no idea of foul play at first. My partner was the best of men—he had no enemies, and, well, murder was the farthest from our thoughts. We imagined that he must be ill or something, having come back to the office last night and having been taken ill while here. But instantly we saw that he had been killed—murdered! It was evident that some one had slashed his face and stuck a knife in his back, and—and, the weapon was missing!

"Shortly after we had arrived Miss Torrey and Mr. Montgomery came in. They were equally amazed and horrified. And that is all I know."

Tom got up and walked restlessly back and forth. He had always claimed for himself the possession of special

talents as a criminal investigator, but he had never had the opportunity to really try out these supposed talents. Here, then, was his opportunity—his big opportunity. Here was a big case, an apparent deep mystery, and the chance to look over the whole situation before the arrival of any busy-bodies. Certainly, if he had any powers of detection, he must be able to discover something—some sort of a clue that would send him on the right track at once.

Tom again walked to Judson's body. Death surely must have come quickly, because there were no signs of any great struggle. True, the stenographer's chair was overturned, but her typewriter still stood on the desk. And the safe was unopened, indicating that robbery had not been the motive. Everything, too, about the office was spick and span, tidy and in place. Everything, that is, except the typewriter.

Stopping suddenly in his walk as the anomaly of the typewriter being uncovered and with a sheet of paper in the carriage too when everything else was so shipshape, Tom suddenly became conscious of being piercingly watched. He wheeled quickly to find both the Parkins men—father and son—eyeing him closely. Young Henry, whose sallow face was a study in varying emotions, shifted his gaze uneasily. The elder Parkins, on the other hand, continued frankly gazing.

"Have you thought of something?" asked the elder Parkins suavely.

Tom smiled.

"I've thought of a number of things," he declared, "but they have no bearing on the case."

But over and over in his mind he was turning this question: Why was the typewriter uncovered and what what under the sun was written on the paper in the carriage?

That something was written there Tom could see from where he stood. But, because he had no intention of giving his hand away to any one in the room who might possibly know more about the case than had so far been revealed, Tom did not go to the typewriter at once. In fact, he steered away from it. If it was a clue flaunting itself to his eager eyes there in the typewriter, then he must manage to secure it in such a way as not to arouse suspicion among any one who might be watching his every action.

For already there was forming in Tom's mind a conviction that one of the four people in the room—Mabel Torrey, Edmund Montgomery or one of the two Parkins men—knew considerably more about the murder of Maurice Judson than had so far come out.

At the back of Tom's head, while his immediate consciousness was concerned with the typewriter and the paper in the carriage, were buzzing bits of gossip he had heard recently concerning trouble in the Judson and Parkins firm, of wordy fights between Judson and Parkins over the entry of young Parkins into the firm and reports of money shortages that were unaccounted for.

Surely this was a case worthy any man's best effort, and Tom, with a clear-eyed vision of what success in this maiden investigation effort of his would mean to him, determined he'd run the murderer of Maurice Judson to earth no matter what time and effort it might take.

At this moment the coroner—fat and fussy—bustled in. His examination was brief, but during the course of it Tom gathered with the two Parkins men and Montgomery around the coroner and the body. Miss Torrey, her pretty, winsome face now less tear-stained, still sat in her far corner from which she had refused to move.

Tom let the two Parkins men and Montgomery edge in front of him while he stood behind them, and, looking over their shoulders, studied the paper in the typewriter.

What he saw there on the paper was a distinct disappointment. Apparently it was merely the idle work of some careless person who was not alone unfamiliar with the operation of the machine but also indifferent as to what was written.

Tom, following the letters carefully, nevertheless copied them on the back of an envelope. There was no telling—despite their seeming insignificance they might possibly, just possibly, have some real bearing on the case.

Here they are, just as they appeared on the paper and just as Tom copied them on the back of his envelope:

gwbetjukkwsnw

There was no spacing, no punctuation, no capitalization. Surely, if ever any typing seemed immaterial and worthless, this did. And yet Tom, determined to overlook nothing that might have a bearing on the case, still felt that the fact of the typewriter being out and uncovered and the paper being in place with these letters on it, really did have something vital and important to do with Judson's murder.

From his job of copying these letters Tom wheeled suddenly. Again he had experienced the uncanny feeling of having some one watching him. His quick, sudden gaze found Mabel Torrey looking at him intently, an unfathomable light in her clear blue eyes, a drawn, worried expression about her youthful face. Instantly as Tom turned and looked at her she dropped her eyes. It was done quickly, innocently, and yet—she had been watching him intently. She had seen what he had done and she was worried. What did it mean? Could it be possible that this attractive, delightful young girl in whom Tom was already feeling more than merely casual interest, had anything to do with this sordid crime? Tom shuddered at the very thought.

The coroner got to his feet slowly.

"I should judge he was killed about 2 o'clock this morning," said the coroner. "I can't be sure, but I think that his face was first slashed, blinding him, and then the knife was stuck in his back. I'm afraid death was not instantaneous. In fact, he must have lived ten or fifteen minutes after being stabbed, although so weak he couldn't call for help or do much of anything. No weapon was found?"

The men chorused a negative reply.

"It looks like a queer case," said the coroner. "I'll take the testimony of all you people and then round up the janitor or any one who was in the building last night and see what they have to say."

"There is no one in the building at night," vouchsafed the younger Parkins. "This is a very small office building, you know, and during the summer time when there is no furnace to look after the owners have dispensed with a night watchman."

"Ah, thank you," said the coroner. "That saves me some unnecessary work. I suppose all the tenants have keys to the building which would let them into the place at any hour of the night."

"Yes," said young Parkins again.

The coroner scratched his partially bald head a little as though puzzled as to his next step. Finally, upon ascertaining what undertaker was preferred by Parkins, Sr., he called up and gave instructions for the removal of the body. Then he looked over the office carefully.

"Hum, hum," said the coroner aloud. "No fight, evidently, or not much of a one, anyhow. Safe not opened, so robbery was not the motive. Hum, hum."

He glanced at the paper in the typewriter a moment,

scratched his head, and then turned from it to a survey of the office. Evidently he thought the paper with its meaningless letters of no importance.

From the office where the body lay the coroner led the way into the two interior offices where the two members of the firm and young Parkins had their desks. Tom started to follow them, but at the door to the next room turned back instead of entering. As he turned he was startled to see that Mabel had silently gotten up from her chair and was hurrying toward her typewriter.

With a bound Tom reached the typewriter first and jerked the paper out of the carriage.

Mabel looked at him with wide eyes in which terror lay deep hidden.

"Why did you do that?" she gasped.

"I just wanted it, that's all," said Tom unsteadily. "See," he said with sudden determination, "it doesn't mean anything."

He held the paper out for her to see, and as she looked at it he watched her keenly. Mabel looked with apparent eagerness. To all intents and purposes—and Tom felt immensely relieved at this—she had never before seen this paper. And, to Tom's further relief, she looked up with a puzzled expression in her eyes after gazing at the letters.

"They—they don't mean anything!" she gasped.

"I don't believe they do," said Tom, "but I'm going to keep them anyhow. You've no idea what they mean, have you?"

"No," Mabel responded, with a clear light of truth shining in her eyes.

"I want to ask you another question," Tom went on. "Was your typewriter uncovered like this when you went home last night?"

Mabel averted her face and said nothing.

"Come, come," said Tom. "You'll have to tell some time. It might as well be now. Did you leave your typewriter uncovered yesterday?"

"No," said Mabel, again looking at him truthfully. "That's why I was so anxious to see what was on the paper. I covered up my machine carefully before I left the office yesterday afternoon."

"Ah!" ejaculated Tom excitedly.

Back in his own office, after the departure of the coroner and the removal of Judson's body, Tom sat looking at his own typewriter. What message did those apparently meaningless letters convey? Who had written them? Were they at all connected with the murder, or just chance, or coincidence?

Tom pulled out the envelope on which he had copied the letters and also the paper on which they had originally been written and compared them. Yes, he had copied them correctly, but they seemed as meaningless and unimportant on the original sheet of paper as they did on the back of his envelope. Was he wasting his time trying to read into them a message they didn't really convey?

After a few moments' further inspection of the typing, Tom decided to cast them aside for a time while he summarized the case on paper. Tom always liked to get things down in black and white on paper; it seemed to give him a clearer vision of things.

Tom slipped a sheet of paper into his machine. Let's see what were the high points of the case, anyhow. There were the three men and Mabel, and as he thought of Mabel her pretty, piquant face floated before his vision. What a dandy girl she was indeed. What a fine wife she'd make for some lucky man! Three men in the office and—Mabel.

He started typing it, "Three men in the office," while he looked dreamily out of the window at the vision of Mabel his mind had conjured up. His hands wandered over the keys—Tom was an adept at the touch system—but even his abstracted consideration of Mabel's eyes and nose and mouth was pierced by the fact that the keys of the typewriter did not seem to feel just right. He glanced down carelessly at the paper in his machine.

Why, he'd been hitting the wrong keys!

His fingers, during his abstraction, had been playing just one key to the left of where they should have been.

Instead of writing "Three men in the office," he had typed this meaningless jumble of letters:

Rgeww nwb ub idduxw

Tom laughed to himself. Instead of typing "T" his finger had pressed the key just to the left of the "T," which is "R." And then, instead of pressing the letter "h" his finger had pressed the key just to the left of the "h," which is "g." He had done the same thing with all the other letters in the words "Three men in the office," with the consequence that he had typed the meaningless jumble of letters given above instead of the coherent, meaningful sentence he had intended to type.

As Tom continued laughing to himself for his error—if that was what Mabel could do to him almost at first sight, what would she do later?—he suddenly sat up with a fierce beating of the heart.

He had solved the puzzle. Was this same mistake responsible for the strange letters on the paper, instead of comprehensive words?

Tom grabbed for a fresh sheet of paper and jammed it into his machine. Let's see, the first letter in that strange bunch of letters was "g." If the writer—blinded, perhaps, and Tom's heart leaped again at the thought that perhaps it was Judson himself, blinded and dying, who had typed the letters—if the writer had, typing only by touch, made the mistake of pressing the keys just to the left of the right keys, then he would have made a bunch of letters like these. The first letter in the strange message was "g." The letter just to the right of it on every standard typewriter is "h." Tremulously Tom typed the letter "h." Second in the mysterious message was the letter "w." The letter to the right of that on the keyboard is "e." After this "h" Tom excitedly typed the letter "e," and so on to the last letter in the message. And then, with his heart standing still, Tom stared and stared and stared at this message from the dead:

"henrykilledme." Or, spaced and capitalized as it should have been:

"Henry killed me."

There was no getting away from that accusation and no doubt of who had written it and how it had been written. Maurice Judson, blind and dying, had frantically opened his stenographer's typewriter, slipped in a sheet of paper and typed this message. But, because he could not see and was operating only by an unsure touch system, he had pressed the keys to the left of the right keys, thereby leaving a message that was apparently meaningless, though, in reality, containing the accusation that would send his murderer to the electric chair.

"Henry killed me."

But—and here Tom's heart suddenly stopped again in its mad career—there were two Henrys in the Judson and Parkins office—Henry Parkins, Sr., and Henry Parkins, Jr. Which Henry was the murderer?

Tom gasped. He had been convinced almost from the start that one of the three men in the office was guilty of the crime. Now he had eliminated one of them. But that was all the progress he had really made. Instead of

three possibilities he now had two, but as to which of the two was the guilty man he was as much in the dark as ever.

Which of the Henrys was it? Here, if ever, was the big opportunity for Tom to prove himself. Here, more than ever, was his chance to show that he was of the caliber out of which great detectives are made.

Which man had killed Judson—the old partner with whom, according to accepted reports, Judson had so violently quarreled, or young Parkins, evil-eyed and shifty?

Surely the problem was a puzzler. How could he possibly secure the solution. The father, of course, in a showdown would protect the son, and the son naturally would do the same thing for the father. Separately or together, if they ever got a suspicion that either or both of them was suspected of being guilty of the crime, it would be almost impossible to fasten the crime on the right man.

There must be some way out of the tangle, but just how Tom couldn't, for the life of him, discover.

For a half hour, an hour, two hours, Tom studied the problem. He studied and restudied the hidden message. How clear and distinct each individual letter was—not a slur, not a half impression, not a skipped space in the whole hidden message! Tom turned the paper in his hand and looked at the back of it. Small wonder each letter was so distinct. Each letter had been typed so hard as to carry the impression through to the other side. And the paper on which it was typed was good and heavy too.

At this thought regarding the paper Tom looked at it with renewed and startled interest. He examined it closely, held it to the light, tested its thickness with his thumb and forefinger. Then he hastily got from his desk a letter Maurice Judson had written to him some time before on the Judson and Parkins letter regarding some trivial business matter. Tom compared the two sheets of paper carefully. Finally, with a startled exclamation, he jumped to his feet and began walking restlessly about the room.

After a few minutes of this agitated pacing Tom took up the hidden message and the Judson and Parkins letter head and, apparently, compared the typewriting on the two of them. Again a surprised, startled exclamation burst from him.

Suddenly he dashed to his phone and called up the Judson & Parkins office. Mabel answered the call.

"Are you all there yet?" Tom asked. "This is Tom Wentworth talking."

"Yes," came Mabel's sweet voice over the wire. "We're trying to get Mr. Judson's affairs in shape. But we're going to close the office soon."

"I wish you'd come down here a minute," said Tom. "There's something important I want to ask you."

"All right," said Mabel.

A few minutes later she appeared in the door of Tom's office, a vision of perfect loveliness as it seemed to him.

"Come in," he cried. "Take this chair."

As he spoke his voice trembled. Nor was it from excitement over the big thing he was going to try to put over, but because, strangely and suddenly, he was falling deeply in love for the first time in his life.

"Listen," said Tom, hitching his chair nearer to her than was absolutely necessary. "Listen, this is going to give you a big jolt, but I've got to tell you so you'll understand how important it is to answer the questions I want to ask you. One of the men in that office killed Maurice Judson!"

If Tom expected his announcement to make a great sensation with Mabel he was rudely disappointed. She took his information calmly, only her eyes growing bigger and bigger while the deep-lying terror in them came nearer the surface.

"I know it!" whispered Mabel.

"What?" gasped Tom. "You know it? How do you know it ? What do you mean by that?"

Mabel's eyes became panic-stricken. She looked around wildly.

"I—I don't really know it," she explained softly. "I—I mean I just feel it! I feel that one of those men killed Mr. Judson. I can't explain it—it's intuition, I guess—but I'm just as certain as though I'd seen him do it that one of these men killed him!"

"Which one?" cried Tom excitedly.

"Why, why," stammered Mabel. "I don't think I ought to say. I may be all wrong, you know. Think how awful if I should say a thing like that about a man when it wasn't true? I mustn't tell you which one I think did it."

Tom, seeing it was no use pressing her further along this line, turned back to his original problem. He shot a number of quick, incisive questions to her. Mabel, nervous but anxious to help him, answered as quickly. When he had finished, Tom looked triumphant.

"You go back to the office," said Tom. "I'm going to come in in a few minutes and try a little experiment. We'll see how near your intuition comes to guiding you right in this affair. You know, woman's intuition isn't always right," and with a smile to soften his dig at woman he accompanied her to the door of his office.

Some moments later, after Tom had placed the message found on Mabel's typewriter carefully in his coat pocket, he hurried down the hall to the offices of Judson & Parkins. Montgomery and the two Parkinses were gathered around the bookkeeper's desk when Tom entered.

"You know," said Tom, impersonally and casually to the group, "I had several of the firm's law matters in my hands at the time of Mr. Judson's—er—death. It has just occurred to me that I ought to make a list of these and the status they are in so that you may know all about them in your job of settling up Mr. Judson's affairs."

"Good idea," said Henry Parkins, Sr.

Tom walked to Mabel's desk and looked down at the typewriter uncertainly.

"Hum," he said, "this machine is a Temperton with double shift. I can't use it. Isn't there a Jones-Superior around here? That's what I've got in my office."

"Here's one—an old one," said Henry Parkins, Jr., pointing to an ancient Jones-Superior resting on the desk near where he was standing.

"Thanks, awfully," said Tom, going to the machine. "Now if I can trouble you for some paper—some heavy paper, because I'm going to write a lot of figures and they break the paper unless it is pretty heavy."

"Here's some," said Montgomery, pulling open a drawer of his desk and handing Tom several sheets of white ledger paper.

"Thanks again," said Tom, inserting a sheet of paper into the carriage of the machine.

Tom pounded hard on the keys at a slow rate for a moment or two, and then drew out the paper with a sigh of satisfaction.

"There," he said in a tense tone of voice that caused all three men to look at him gravely. "I defy any one to tell which is the original and which isn't, except for the fact that the original's been creased."

"Original what?" questioned Henry Parkins, Sr., looking at the two sheets of paper. "Why, it don't mean anything—it's just foolishness."

It was small wonder he said this because on both of the papers were these letters:

gwbetjukkwsnw

"What's the idea anyhow?" questioned Henry Parkins, Jr., rather superciliously.

"What do you make of it, Mr. Montgomery?" questioned Tom, thrusting the papers under the bookkeeper's nose.

Montgomery looked at the two sheets, turned pale and began to tremble violently.

"I don't wonder you're trembling, Mr. Montgomery!" yelled Tom at the bookkeeper. "It does look bad, doesn't it? It does look as though this message from the dead—this alleged message from the dead—had been written on your old machine on your paper, doesn't it? And it does look as though each letter had been laboriously picked out, slowly and carefully so as not to make a mistake, doesn't it, Mr. Montgomery?"

The bookkeeper pulled himself together, though his face remained ashen.

"You must be crazy!" he declared. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"No?" ejaculated Tom incredulously. "I guess you can tell that to the judge, Mr. Montgomery. Officer," he cried, raising his voice and apparently addressing a man outside the office, "officer, come in! I've got your man!"

Montgomery, trembling, caught at the side of his desk for support.

Suddenly a high, shrill voice echoed through the room.

"That's who it is—Montgomery! I knew it—I knew it all the time. I felt it. He killed Maurice Judson!"

Startled beyond measure, Tom turned quickly to see Mabel framed in the doorway of the next room, her lovely face flushed with excitement, her right hand pointing like an avenging goddess at the cringing bookkeeper.

Wildly, insanely, the bookkeeper stared at her. Then he sank moaning to the floor.

"I did it, I did it!" he moaned. "He—he treated me badly. I wanted to be a partner in the business—he said I didn't have brains enough. I got him here last night and—and killed him. Then I typed that message and put it in Miss Torrey's machine. I thought it would be found and some one would finally catch on to the hiden message and think the dead man had written it before he died, while he was blind and couldn't hit the right keys. But—but I couldn't stand there at Miss Torrey's machine and type it with—with that thing lying there at my feet. I was afraid—afraid. That's why I've been found out, because I was afraid!"

"He had a clever scheme for making it appear that one of you was the guilty man," Tom explained to the Parkinses after Montgomery had been taken to the station. "It was a clever scheme and he would undoubtedly have gotten away with it if he'd used anything but that old Jones-Superior machine and that heavy ledger paper. You see that ledger paper is so different from the paper in your regular letter heads and the typing done by the Jones-Superior is so different from that done by Miss Torrey's machine that I became suspicious as soon as I made a comparison. I knew then that Judson had not written the message and it was a very easy matter to find out by coming here and attempting to do some typing of my own, who had such ledger paper and on whose desk the Jones-Superior machine stands. Of course, the rest was merely making the guilty man confess."

Going home with Mabel that evening Tom found her very quiet.

"What you said about the only thing to do being to make the guilty man confess is perfectly true," said Mabel, "but I helped you a lot in that."

"You surely did!" exclaimed Tom heartily. "If you hadn't burst in there when you did I'm afraid I'd never put it over."

"I felt I ought to do it and that it was the right time to do it," said Mabel primly. "My intuition told me so."

Tom stopped and looked at her admiringly, from her dainty little feet to the golden hair crowning her sparkling face.

"Say, sweetie," he ejaculated, "with my brains and your intuition, you and I could go far. Do you think I'd ever stand any chance of getting you to go through with a real job with me—a lifetime job?"

Mabel dimpled and blushed.

"I don't know," she said. "You never can tell until you try!"

ECCENTRICITIES DISCLOSED BY WILLS

A JURY in the Surrogates' Court recently upset the will of Mrs. Rosa E. Spang, leaving over $2,000,000 to found a home for children. The twelve men in the jury box heard much testimony relating to the eccentricities of this seventy-year-old widow.

Mere eccentricity, however, is not always sufficient to render a will invalid. Nearly every month there is at least one will filed in New York county containing an odd provision. The testator may request that his body be not buried until a large vein has been cut to assure death, that his body be given over to medical men for scientific research, that his remains be cremated and the ashes scattered on the waves, or that his friends accept the gift of a certain sum of money to hire a band and to dine sumptuously in his memory after his funeral.

The law books contain classic examples of queer wills. In Bennet vs. Hibbert (88 Iowa, 154) the court held Hibbert's will valid, although he had allowed cats and dogs to eat off his dish, had played a violin while his wife was lying dead in the same room and had slept in her coffin.

In another case the testator, who was an ultra patriot, bequeathed his corpse to a patriotic society, directed that his skin be tanned and stretched across a drum, that his leg bones be made into drumsticks and that one of his heirs should attend on every Fourth of July at the Bunker Hill Monument and play "Yankee Doodle" with the aforesaid drumsticks on the human drum head.

In Morgan vs. Boys (cited in Taylor's Medical Jurisprudence, 2d Am. Ed., 555) the testator wrote his own will, commanding his executors to have fiddle strings made from his intestines and that certain parts of his body be made into smelling salts and other parts vitrified into lenses. He explained that he disliked funeral pomp and wanted to be useful even after his death. The court sustained his will.

The case of Detmiller vs. Hartman (37 N. J. Eq., 347) deals with the direction of the testator to his executors to set aside an adequate fund for the maintenance of a military band to march to his grave on every anniversary of his death and on other holidays, playing funeral marches and other appropriate music. The court held the bequest invalid upon the ground that the testator had tried to provide "for a perpetual barker" to keep green his family name, a purpose which was against policy.

CRASHTON, OF THE REVENUE

By MOLLIE V. BARKER

BESIDE a rugged road that crossed the mountains of northern Kentucky and led down to the county town stood four men. The moonlight, sifting down through the branches of the trees, fell upon their bronzed and bearded faces, ragged clothes, and the rifles in their hands, like a sheen of silver.

"It ain't fair that the government should say we shan't make our corn into whisky any more than to say we shan't make it into hoe-cakes. It ain't no crime to make moonshine. This prohibition law is all a humbug. And when we have with us such a man as——" began one of the gang, when another interrupted him, saying:

"Hold on, Bill, 'tain't no use to mention names, I reckon, 'special as he don't want it done, even atwixt we-uns. We have got a good friend and pardner in a high political place, but there ain't no call to blab about it. He knows the moonshine vote carried the county for him, and he don't forget his friends."

"Hello! There's Bascomb's whistle; come on around the bend where he's posted," said the other, and then the four set off.

Beyond the bend in the rough roadway they came upon a man of their own sort, who stood at the wayside leaning upon a rifle.

"I jist sighted Dan Matson down the road yere," he said, pointing. And looking where the timber, through which the mountain highway ran, was quite open, all saw a man ascending. In the moonlight it could be seen that he was rather under medium height, that he had a swarthy complexion, flashing black eyes, and curling black hair. His features were regular, and no one could deny that Dan Matson was handsome, after a bold, dashing type. He was better dressed than the other moonshiners.

"Any news from town that we-uns should have, Dan?" asked one of the party, who awaited him.

"The deputy collector's got word that a new gang of revenue officers is coming from the north to hunt us down here in the mountains and burn our stills. It's the game to send all new men against us this time, so we cannot recognize any of them," answered Matson, and it was noticeable that his language was free from the dialect of the country. He was not a native of Kentucky, but had lived in the mountains for several years. Nobody knew just where he had come from, and no one ever heard him allude to that epoch of his life which he had passed in other regions.

Matson was a great gambler and made frequent trips to the county town to play. At the same time he was a spy of the moonshine men, as well as their go-between, in negotiating the sale of their illicit whisky.

The men all seemed more or less honest in their conviction that the government was wronging them, and deep and bitter were the threats they breathed against the officers of whose coming the spy had warned them.

"I say, Dan," remarked one of the gang, "we've seed them two strange men agin', since you've been away in town. They are yit in the mountings, an' do all we kin, ter find out what they're yere fur, we can't make no headway. They allers dodges us, and gins us the slip."

"Yas," said the man who had acted as the lookout for the party. "But I got putty nigh them night afore last, down Panther Creek way, an' reckon I got a leetle the best look at um that any feller hez got yit, since the strangers was knowed to be in these mountings."

"You saw them close? Tell me how they looked!" cried Matson, eagerly.

"They are mighty dark faced for white men, with snaky, black eyes, an' they both wear little gold rings in their ears. They wus a-talkin' when I almost run into 'em in the bush, but I couldn't make out a word they said."

Matson's swarthy face paled and then flushed. One might almost have fancied that a look of fear came into his black eyes. He glanced behind quickly, and his hand sought his hip pocket.

"I wish I knew! I wish I knew!" he muttered, one-half aloud.

"One thing are mighty sure, Dan. The two strangers ain't revenue spies. You knows that's the fust thing we-uns thought, when we found out they wuz dodgin' about in the mountings, an' actin' sly, an' secret-like. But we hev watched um enough to find out that they never comes near the stills, an' that they don't foller any of our men," said the lookout.

"What are they here for then?" asked Matson, with the air of one who had no idea that the question could be answered.

"The sheriff—I mean, our friend in office—says, like enough, the two strangers are jail birds in hiding. They may hev broken outen the state's prison, he reckons," replied the other.

"Maybe so, maybe so," said Matson, in an absent-minded way. Then he went on talking about the news he had brought from the country town, and his hearers thus gleaned the information that during his trip, ostensibly for the purpose of staking his money at the gambling table, he had made the acquaintance of a clerk in the office of the deputy revenue collector. The clerk did not mean to betray the secrets of his office, but he was indiscreet in his conversation and careless in his care of important papers.

One day when alone with him Matson got hold of a letter without the knowledge of the clerk which should never have been left within the reach of an outsider.

From this letter Matson learned of the proposed raid, and also that the message was penned by a new appointee to the office of chief of revenue detectives for the district of Northern Kentucky. This letter was signed "Dayton Crashton."

It was after midnight when Matson left his moonshine friends and sought his own isolated cabin, where he dwelt alone. Behind the barred door he began to muse upon what was uppermost in his mind.

"On the morrow I will see her again, after all the long months of our separation, while she has been away at the seminary in the North. Imogene Bannister may be the sheriff's daughter and the belle of the whole country, but I hope to win her. She used to favor me above any other who sought her hand, but she has seen something of the

world since, and I wonder if she will be the same to me now—if I will seem the same to her?"

This man of desperate character, as he had proved in many a fierce broil in the mountains, and who might have a hidden history, well knew the sheriff had never approved of the attentions he had shown his pretty daughter.

Matson thought of this as he tossed upon his bunk that night, unable to sleep. Next day a fierce light came into his dark eyes, and he looked exultant as he reflected.

"But I know the sheriff's secret. Let him beware how he offends me, for I have it in my power to ruin him—to expose him as one who has been false to his oath of office and betrayed the public trust—to cause his arrest as a moonshiner's accomplice."

Sheriff Bannister owned a fine farm in the mountain country, and there he resided with his motherless daughter, Imogene, a queenly girl of seventeen. A week before she had come home for the summer vacation. On the day succeeding the night when Matson had returned from the county town, Imogene was alone in the pleasant sitting room of her father's farmhouse, when Matson appeared in the open door. The girl blushed and started at the sight of the man, and he saw her hastily conceal a letter in the folds of her dress. Before she had gone to the seminary in the North she had fancied herself in love with the dark, handsome moonshiner, though she had heard what his reputation was. But all that was now a banished, girlish folly. The great world, beyond the mountains, had broadened her views of all things, including men, and then, too, she had learned to love another—to love with all her heart and soul, like a true, passionate daughter of the sunny South. And the letter which she had hidden at the coming of Matson was from the man of the North to whom she had given her heart.

But she welcomed Matson as an old friend, and sought to entertain him, fencing with him in the conversation which ensued so as to guard against any allusion to their old relations, until her father came in. Soon after cards were produced, and Matson and the sheriff engaged in their favorite game, poker. Imogene then left the room.

The fires of jealousy were burning in the heart of Matson when later on he took leave of the sheriff. He fancied the letter which he had seen Imogene conceal had something to do with the constraint of her manner toward him, and suspected that missive might be the message of a rival. Upon leaving the house he lurked about in the adjacent grove watching the window of Imogene's room. Anon he caught a glimpse of her at the window, and under cover of the rose bushes he approached, while he saw she had a letter in her hand. As he looked she drew a photograph from the envelope and pressed it to her lips. Then presently she put both the letter and the picture in a book upon the window sill, and he heard her leave the room.

In a moment he reached up and took the letter and the photograph from the window sill. The picture was that of a young and fine-looking man. He read the letter, his white teeth set and his eyes ablaze. It was from Imogene's northern lover, and told she had plighted her troth with the writer. The letter was signed "Dayton Crashton," and the moonshiner knew the photograph was that of the author of the missive.

He put the letter and the picture back between the pages of the book and then crept away.

"Good God! How things have played into my hands! So the man who has stolen Imogene's heart from me is the new chief of revenue detectives, who is coming from the north. He shall come to meet me—to meet death here in the mountains!" he said, in his soul, as he strode away.

And then, only a few moments later, he came face to face with Imogene in the grounds. The man was reckless now and determined to speak of the passion that swayed his wayward heart. The girl tried to pass him with a casual greeting, but he would not let her go. While he placed upon her arm a detaining hold that terrified her, he said:

"Imogene, I must speak now and you must listen," then in wild, impassioned words he told her of his love and asked her to become his wife. But a new fear of him came to her as she read the expression of his burning eyes, and she suddenly threw off his hand and bounded toward the house. Then she paused and called out:

"It can never be, because I do not love you, and I never can do so! Yet I ask you to forgive me if in times past I have in any way led you to think I cared for you as you wish."

She did not hear his answer at first. Then she caught these startling words which Matson uttered:

"If you value the safety and honor of your father wait and hear something more which I have to say to you!"

She felt a vague fear in her heart, of she scarcely knew what. Matson approached a few paces, and then halted.

"Have you ever thought your father had a secret—that there was any mystery about his frequent absence from home at night, or that why he has never arrested any of the moonshiners? Ah, I see you have had your thoughts of these things," he said.

"What do you mean? What are you hinting at, Dan Matson?" she breathed in terrified tones.

"I mean that while your father has taken the oath of office as sheriff of the county and poses as an honest man and the foe of law-breakers, he is really hand and glove with the very men it is his most important duty to arrest. To put it in plain words, Miss Bannister, your father is himself a moonshiner!"

Imogene paled. Instantly the memory of many strange things in the conduct of her father came to her. What Matson said seemed to explain everything. In her heart she felt that his accusation was true. But she was loyal to her father, she would not let his accuser know that she believed him.

"You do not speak the truth!" she forced herself to say with an air of indignation, which was wholly a fictitious showing. Until now she had never even suspected the truth in regard to her father. But she could imagine how cupidity and the desire for office had made him league himself with the lawbreakers, who were a political power in the mountain country.

"You know I speak the truth. But if you want proof follow your father when he leaves the house at midnight. And now, Imogene, if you would save your father from imprisonment and disgrace you must not throw me over. Of course, I should guard and keep the secret of my wife's father as I would my own. But I might not have the same friendly feeling for the father of a girl who had jilted me. You understand, I am sure. But I'll give you time to think. Reflect well in the meantime," said Matson, and then he abruptly hastened away, as he saw the sheriff coming from the house.

Imogene joined her father, but she said nothing of what Matson had told her. She could not bring herself to speak to the sheriff of what was in her mind. She was sorely troubled, and at a loss how to act. That Matson would betray Mr. Bannister if she refused to listen to his suit she did not doubt. She wanted to shield her parent, but she would never listen again to words of love from the man who had shown such treachery.

"What shall I do? What shall I do?" she moaned despairingly.

She could not decide to speak to her father, for she wished that she had some one to advise her. Then she thought of her northern lover, and wished that he was there.

His letter, which Matson had read, was the last one that she had received from him, for although it had informed her of Crashton's promotion, from the ranks of revenue officer, it had contained no hint that he was coming to the mountain region near her home. Even to the girl he loved the revenue officer could not reveal the secrets of the department.

Meantime Crashton arrived at the county town that day. For several weeks a secret agent of the revenue service had been in the town, and had learned that Dan Matson was the spy and go-between of the moonshiners. He had followed Matson into the mountains a month previously and located the cabin of the moonshiner.

Soon after his arrival in the county town Crashton heard the report of his secret agent. From what he said about Matson the young revenue officer decided it was probable that the latter could be bribed to betray his friends in the mountains and give such information as would enable the officers to find their hidden stills. At all events Crashton meant to make the acquaintance of Matson, sound him, and if he was not to be bought, try to get into his confidence in some other way. Accordingly, that night the lover of Imogene went into the mountains, and avoiding the road, while he followed instructions given him by the secret agent as to how to find Matson's cabin, he at length came in sight of the moonshiner's lonely dwelling.

It was nearly midnight, and the moon shone brightly. Pausing for a moment in the shadow of a thicket, Crashton looked toward Matson's cabin. There was a light in the window. But while he looked it was extinguished and directly Matson came out of the cabin. Because he had received an accurate description of him Crashton recognized the dark-visaged moonshiner at once.

Matson walked swiftly away, and Crashton, thinking he was probably bound for one of the secret stills in the neighborhood, followed stealthily. Matson unwittingly led Crashton to one of the stills, where a number of the moonshiners were at work.

A little earlier, when he evidently thought Imogene and all the other inmates of his house were asleep, Sheriff Bannister had left his dwelling and he too had gone to the still which Matson visited.

But Imogene had not retired when her father left the house. Seated at the window of her unlighted room, she saw him go. Then she crept out of the house and followed him all the way to the still. Concealed near it, she heard enough to banish any doubt she might have entertained in regard to her father's connection with the lawbreakers.

At length, sick at heart with grief and shame at the thought of the exposure and disgrace which threatened her father through Matson, she crept away. And then she saw a man steal out of the thicket near by, where she knew he must have seen and overheard all that passed between her father and the moonshiners.

For one brief moment her heart seemed to stand still and then to leap to her throat, for the man was her lover, Dayton Crashton, the revenue detective. The next moment she was clasped to his heart, and when a brief interval of sweet communion had passed mutual explanations were made. He told her how he came to be there, and then he said earnestly:

"I wish that I had never found out what I have learned to-night—that your father, Sheriff Bannister, is in league with the moonshine men!"

She threw her arms around his neck and sobbed:

"If you love me keep his shameful secret! Oh, promise me, promise me!" she entreated.

His face paled. He trembled slightly. In his mind there was a struggle between love and duty.

"For your sake I would shield him, but I cannot forget my duty—my oath as a government officer," he said finally.

"But at least you will give him—give me a little time. Two days. Say you will, only two days," she implored.

"This is more than I should do, but, dear one, I cannot resist your pleading. For two days I will keep silent and do nothing looking to the arrest of the moonshiners, but you must promise that meanwhile you will not warn them," he answered.

Very soon after that they parted and Imogene hastened homeward. She meant to save her father. She meant to induce him to keep away from the stills—to leave the mountains until Crashton's work there was done. But she did not mean that he should learn that she knew the truth. She would not have him feel disgraced in her eyes.

Next day she went to the county town to post a letter, which she meant should cause her father to go to Louisville.

It was evening when Imogene returned and entered the house to find it strangely silent. She knew the hired help had gone to a celebration at a hamlet not far away, but she had expected to find her father at home.

Going into the sitting room she suddenly paused and gazed wide-eyed at an object upon the floor. It was the body of her father. In a moment she knew that he was dead, murdered! The room was in disorder. There had been a struggle. Her father had fought for his life. The end had come when the assassin shot her beloved parent dead.

Imogene did not cry out. For the time she was benumbed physically and mentally with the terror of it all. When at length she became somewhat composed, mingled with her great grief was the fixed determination to find out and punish the guilty. Hoping that she might find something to help her she searched the room. But the only clue she found which she could regard as of importance was a playing card—the ace of diamonds. This card she picked up from the floor, and she knew it had not come from any pack owned by her father. She often played with the sheriff, and of course was familiar with the appearance of all the cards in the house. No, the card she found had not come from any of them. Imogene was a clear-headed and quick-witted girl. She had seen at first that there were some poker chips which she knew belonged to her father on the floor near the little card table, which was overturned. She put this and that together and then she said to herself with perfect conviction of the truth of her hypothesis:

"The person who killed my father was here playing poker with him during my absence. The cards that were used in the game were brought here by the murderer. When he fled he lost the ace of diamonds, which I have found. When I have found the pack from which this ace came I shall know the man who owns it is the one who killed my father."

She examined the card, which was the only clue to the author of the crime, with great care. The back was of a peculiar design, and the pack from which the lost ace had come was evidently quite new.

Who owned the tell-tale card?

The question was constantly in her mind that day, but she told no one that she had found it and kept it concealed. Meantime she alarmed the neighbors and in due time the coroner came, and his jury returned the verdict that James Bannister had come to his death at the hands of some person to the jury unknown.

Imogene passed a sleepless night, thinking always of the dark mystery which she meant yet to solve. She knew that Dan Matson had often called at the house to play cards with her father, and in some way she began to suspect the dark-faced moonshiner. Still there was nothing positive in this suspicion, for Matson was not the only one who had been in the habit of playing cards with her father.

But when she reflected that Matson had threatened to denounce her father, she saw that it was not improbable that the two men might have quarreled while they were playing cards. Matson probably had threatened her father with exposure and demanded he consent that she should become his wife.

Imogene arose on the following morning with her suspicions of Matson strengthened by these reflections. That night, led by an irresistible impulse, she stealthily left the house and stole away toward Matson's lone cabin, the location of which was known to her. It was a bright moonlight night, and at length she saw the moonshiner's solitary dwelling through the trees ahead. Stealthily she approached. There was a light in the window, and she crept to the little portal and looked in. She saw Matson alone, seated at a table, with a pack of cards in his hands. He was running out the cards, and as he held the back of the pack toward her, Imogene saw the design upon them was exactly like that of the ace of diamonds which she had found near her father's corpse.

"The ace of diamonds is gone! Good God! Could I have lost it at his house?" muttered Matson, pale and wide-eyed. Then, carried away by indignation and the sense of triumph with which the discovery inspired her, so that she had no thought of the danger, she reached the door and burst into the room. Like some beautiful nemesis she stoood before him and cried out accusingly:

"I have the missing ace! I found it beside my dead father, and you are the man who murdered him!"

And high above her head she held the card which he had lost in the fatal game.

Matson sprang to his feet. With one leap he reached her, caught her to his heart, and held her close, while he pressed hot kisses upon her lips.

"I have sold my soul for you! The old man said you should never be mine! When I told him I would denounce him to the revenue men he would have gone to tell the moonshiners, but he did not go. And now Satan himself has delivered you to me!" he cried.

She struggled hopelessly and then turned faint. He caught up a rope and bound her hand and foot. Then he twisted a handkerchief and with it gagged her, so that she could make no outcry.

"I know your lover, Dayton Crashton, the revenue detective. To-day I pretended to make a bargain with him. He is coming to meet me here. He thinks I will lead him to the stills. He should be here now," hissed Matson. Then he took down a rifle from the wall and going to the front window he crouched down and leveled the weapon across the sill.

"When he comes into the moonlight upon the trail yonder I shall shoot him down," he added fiercely.

Imogene tried to scream, but only a faint, gurgling sound came from her lips. The mental agony of that moment, when she believed the man whom she loved was doomed, while she was powerless to warn him of his peril, showed in her white, drawn face. It seemed like an eternity while the next few moments elapsed. She watched the moonshiner, with eyes that glared wide. At last she saw his hands tighten upon the leveled rifle, and she caught the sound of approaching footsteps.

"He comes!" whispered Matson hoarsely, as he made ready to fire, but at that instant Imogene caught a glimpse of the dark faces of two men, with gold rings in their ears, at a rear window behind Matson's back. Then came the sharp report of a discharged weapon and Matson crashed down upon the floor. Looking upon his upturned face, Imogene saw a bullet hole in his temple, and when she glanced again at the rear window the dark faces had vanished.

A moment and Dayton Crashton entered the cabin and quickly he released Imogene. When she was able to speak she told him all.

A little later Crashton found some letters in the pocket of the dead moonshiner which were addressed to Antonio Giovanni, in care of Dan Matson.

As no man of that name had ever been known in the mountains, it seemed Giovanni must have been Matson's real name.

"I saw the dark-faced men running away, and I recognized them as Italians who are supposed to be members of the death league of their race called 'the Mafia,' and who are 'wanted' in New York. So I conclude Matson has fallen a victim to their vendetta," said Crashton.

That same night Crashton and his men raided the moonshiners' stills in the hills.

And when they went back to civilization Imogene went with them to become the revenue officer's bride.

"THE WAY TO BECOME A MOVING PICTURE ACTRESS" is in "Moving Picture Stories," No. 326. Get a copy. Price 7 cents; postage free.

HARRY E. WOLFF, 166 W. 23rd St., N. Y.

NEW KIND OF ANIMAL

CAPTAIN PHILIPS, writing from British Ruanda, in the Tanganyika territory, states he has shot a specimen of an hitherto unidentified species of duiker. The animal is about the size of a large goat, and is known as an eppo or empuyi by the natives, to whom it is in a way sacred as being the totem beast of Musinga, the now reigning chief of mwami of the country of Ruanda, over the greater part of which a mandate was recently given to Belgium by the peace conference.

The eppo lives in the bamboo forests of Mount Sabino and other mountain forests, and seldom comes into open country. It often takes refuge in the low and broad forks of large trees. The creature has a stumpy tail, oribi horns, and marsh hooves; in color it is a rufous black, and has a bright yellow stripe along about half of its backbone. In the case of the present specimen, which was apparently healthy, part of the back was nearly bald of hair.

THE EBONY CASKET

BY AN EX-DETECTIVE

GLANCING over the record of the various cases I have "piped," I find one case noted as that of the ebony casket.

The incidents of this case were brought to my notice at a time when house robberies were of almost nightly occurrence in the suburbs of the outlying villages.

The plunder consisted mostly of money, costly personal ornaments, and sometimes rich articles of clothing—in fact, of everything which was valuable and which the robbers could carry away easily and with the least chance of detection.

The latest reported victim was known as Mrs. Colonel Waldron, or the "Duchess Dollie," as she was sometimes called by her admirers.

She dressed superbly, was reputed to be enormously wealthy, and resided in an elegantly appointed house at the upper end of the city. But little more than that was known about her.

The eventful ebony casket was her property, and she had reported it missing with its contents of almost priceless jewels.

It was not the Duchess Dollie, however, who enlisted me in the case; it was a young gentleman whom rumor whispered was matrimonially engaged to the magnificent widow—for such she was declared to be.

Ray Rosbry—for so we shall speak of this young gentleman—presented himself in my office the day of the casket's disappearance.

"The lady has no doubts as to the thief; but I am sure she is mistaken; and it is to save two innocent persons from life-long disgrace that I wish you to take hold of the case," he said to me.

It was evident Ray Rosbry was in the deepest distress and uncertainty, and my interest was excited at once.

"I infer the Duchess Dollie accuses these two persons! Who are they?"

"The name is Maynard; they are brother and sister; he is but a mere youth and has been the lady's footman; Katie has been employed in the house as sewing girl."

"So they are no longer in the house?"

"They were both informed yesterday that their services were no longer required. It was after they had gone, after Katie's trunk was taken away this morning, that madam—the Duchess Dollie—discovered the ebony casket was missing."

"What was the cause of discharge?"

The question seemed to disconcert Ray Rosbry.

"The lady takes unaccountable likes and dislikes sometimes," he answered evasivly.

"What steps has she taken to recover the missing ebony casket?"

"She has sent a warrant—a warrant for search and arrest—after Katie."

"What interest have you in the matter—in this girl, Rosbry?"

"I know she is guiltless—I would stake my life on it. And, I am not unwilling to admit, I love her," was his manly answer.

"Rumor has engaged you to Duchess Dollie."

"Rumor lies then. I would as soon think of engaging myself to Jezebel."

After a little further conversation I promised to investigate the case. And as I had no urgent business at hand I started at once.

My first move was to call upon Duchess Dollie; but the lady happened not to be at home, and in some disappointment I left the elegant house.

There was a small park directly opposite—a place which had once been a picnic resort, but which was now abandoned to whoever might choose to stroll through it.

To cross it would materially shorten the distance to the car which I proposed taking to the home of the Maynards, farther down-town, and I naturally took that way.

Half-way across I heard low tones cautiously speaking, and saw through the trees two dark forms—those of a man and woman.

They had met there for some secert interview, and safety.

"We can't be too cautious. But it was a smart dodge, if it works," the man was saying, with a coarse chuckle.

"He wanted to know too much. I had to get rid of him. He is far too cunning to make a stir which might bring suspicion upon himself," was the woman's answer, in harsh though wary tones.

"But what of the other?"

"With the other it is for revenge."

"Then there will be a stir anyhow. Revenge don't pay when there are secrets to be kept."

As he spoke the woman threw out her hands with a gesture of fierce impatience.

The movement displaced the long cloak she wore, and I had a fleeting glimpse of costly satin and of glittering jewels.

At the same instant her companion turned with a sweeping glance about them.

Instinctively I stepped from within the range of his searching eyes.

A twig snapped beneath my feet, and with a menacing snarl he started toward the spot where I had halted.

The snarl had scarcely broken from the man's lips before he sent a bullet whizzing through the air, and the missile of death pierced the trunk of a tree against which I had a second before been leaning.

I was totally unprepared for any bravado of that sort, and I lost a precious half-minute before I had recovered from my astonishment sufficient to draw my own revolver and make myself ready for the threatened encounter.

But no encounter occurred.

I saw the fellow wheel abruptly, and then their rapid footsteps sounded in the scramble of a hasty retreat.

To pursue them I considered but waste of important time; therefore I went my way, boarded a downtown car, and twenty minutes later rang the bell of the humble Maynard residence.

No one seemed to notice my ring, and as I waited for admittance the door was pulled suddenly and hurriedly

open by a young man in whom I recognized a court officer.

The fatal warrants had been served.

I had no authority to interfere if I had arrived earlier, but nevertheless I felt keenly disappointed.

Our recognition was mutual.

"Hello!" exclaimed the young man, looking relieved as well as surprised. "I am glad you happened along. I am having a job I can't manage single-handed—a girl in hysterics and a boy raging like a Comanche."

"You didn't find any stolen property?"

"Didn't I? I found twenty V's in the boy's valise, and Duchess Dollie's ebony casket was in the girl's trunk."

He had stepped back into the lighted hall.

As I followed him I noticed he had the casket—an oblong box of rather common manufacture—under one arm.

He held it toward me as if to convince me of what I seemed to doubt.

As I opened it and glanced at the contents I could not restrain an exclamation:

"By all that is wonderful! Look at this watch, will you? Look at this ruby necklace! Do you think Duchess Dollie will claim the ownership of these trinkets?"

"By Jove! She will be a fool if she does!"

For a moment we stared at each other in silence.

The watch and the ruby necklace were beyond the possibility of a doubt part of the described plunder taken from a suburban mansion in one of the recent mysterious house robberies.

"You can defer the arrest of Katie Maynard and her brother."

"I should be hauled up before the commissioners for neglect of duty."

"I will take the responsibility. I want you to go after the owners of these articles. They must be brought down to identify their property."

While we were discussing the situation in low voices we could hear Katie's bitter weeping in an adjoining room, and see the youth Johnny eyeing us with considerable boyish defiance, mingled with manly indignation.

"You'll have to carry me or take me dead, if you take me at all," he declared from behind a broad table where he had barricaded himself. "I don't know nothing about the things."

"How did the money get in your valise, Johnny?"

The youth shrugged his strong, well-made shoulders.

"Somebody wants to get rid of us, I reckon. I saw too much and heard too much, maybe."

The words were almost identical with those I had heard spoken in the little park a short time before.

Who was the woman who played a "smart dodge" to rid herself of a party wanting to know too much?

And who was that woman's companion—the reckless scoundrel who had sent a bullet flying after me in the dark?

While I was pondering over these questions, we had settled the present unpleasant matter.

The arrest of the Maynards was to be deferred until I had made a few further investigations of the case.

It was necessary I should consult Duchess Dollie; if the Maynards were not guilty there was no reason why she would not cheerfully withdraw the charge.

My investigations the next day resulted in fixing the identity of the fellow who had sent a bullet after me in the park.

I traced him step by step to his lodgings in an obscure quarter, by means which are familiar to all detectives. I succeeded in learning what his resorts and who his companions were.

He was a genteel sport known as Jem Holburne, and had long been regarded by the police as a suspicious character.

In the meantime the watch and necklace had been identified by the rightful owners.

It was about the dinner hour when I presented myself at Duchess Dollie's elegant house.

The untrained servant who had been installed in Johnny Maynard's place admitted me to the drawing-room.

The mistress would be down presently, he said.

But the lady was already down, and so close that I could have touched her as she stood just beyond a partly drawn portiere.

She was not alone. Ray Rosbry was with her, and the two were engaged in an extremely animated conversation.

"I can't understand why you wish to press such a charge without giving the poor girl a chance to prove her innocence," Rosbry was saying.

The young gentleman was visibly distressed, and was pleading for poor Katie right manfully.

"To prove her a thief is my revenge—is my vengeance upon her for coming between you and me," Duchess Dollie almost shrieked, her handsome features distorted by jealous fury.

"My dear madam," Rosbry began.

But I quietly interrupted the discussion.

"Pardon the intrusion," I said, as I pushed aside the hangings and stepped into view. "Will the lady inform me if she has, or had, two ebony caskets?"

The Duchess Dollie stepped back haughtily.

"I decline to answer," she said, with lips as suddenly white as ashes.

"You need not do so then. Are you ready to state that the contents of the casket you claim as stolen was your own property?"

"Certainly. It contained a diamond set I had only recently bought at Setters & Gravers."

"You are laboring under a mistake, madam. The diamond set is in the casket you have in your possession. The ebony casket you placed in Katie Maynard's trunk contained stolen property which has been identified by the rightful owners."

The woman tottered back as if fainting.

"The bills you placed in Johnny Maynard's valise were also stolen money. They were marked, and have also been identified. Your 'smart dodge' didn't work, madam; it not only failed, but has led to the detection of Jem Holburne as a burglar without a loophole to escape conviction. And now it is my duty to arrest you as his accomplice—a receiver of stolen goods."

The woman staggered back and reached a shaking hand among the various articles on a table near her.

Before Rosbry or myself could divine her purpose, she had snatched a vial from a little gilded box and swallowed the contents to the last drop.

"You are cheated of your prisoner; all the doctors in the city can't save me," she said, with a horrible smile as she dropped convulsively into her chair.

An hour later the woman was dead.

Jem Holburne was tried and convicted as the perpetrator of the mysterious burglaries, and is now serving out his sentence.

The Maynards were exonerated of all suspicion, and Katie is now the wife of Ray Rosbry, who is a young merchant of good position.

THE SCIENCE OF FORTUNE-TELLING

PART EIGHT—CARDIOLOGY

(*Continued from No. 62*)

The Six of Clubs

Shows you will engage in a very lucrative partnership, and that your children will behave well.

The Five of Clubs

Declares that you will shortly be married to a person who will mend your circumstances.

The Four of Clubs

Shows incontinence for the sake of money, and frequent change of subject.

The Tray of Clubs

Shows that you will be three times married, and each time to a wealthy person.

The Deuce of Clubs

Shows that there will be some unfortunate opposition to your favorite inclination, which will disturb you.

The Ace of Diamonds

Shows a person who is fond of rural sports, a great builder, and a gardener; one who delights in planting, and lays out groves, woods, shrubberies, and other amusements, but that his enterprises of this nature will have success or disappointment according to the cards that are near it —likewise signifies a letter and a ring.

The King of Diamonds

Shows a man of a fiery temper, preserving his anger long, seeking for opportunities of revenge, and obstinate in his resolutions.

The Queen of Diamonds

Signifies that the woman will be a steady and industrious housekeeper; that she will be fond of company, be a coquette, and not overvirtuous.

The Knave of Diamonds

However nearly related, will look more after his own interest than yours; he will be tenacious of his own opinion, and will not fly off if contradicted.

The Ten of Diamonds

Signifies a journey—promises a country husband or wife with great wealth and many children; the card next to it will tell the number of children—it also signifies a purse of gold.

The Nine of Diamonds

Declares that the person will be of a roving disposition; never contented with his lot, and forever meeting with vexations and disappointments, and risk a shameful end.

The Eight of Diamonds

Shows that the persons in their youth will be enemies to marriage, and thus run the risk of dying unmarried; but if they marry, it will be with a person whose disposition is so ill-assorted to theirs, that it will be the cause of misfortunes.

The Seven of Diamonds

Shows that you will spend your happiest days in the country, where, if you remain, your happiness will be uninterrupted; but if you come to town you will be tormented by the infidelity of your partner and the squandering of your substance.

The Six of Diamonds

Shows an early marriage and premature widowhood; but that your second marriage will probably make you worse off.

The Five of Diamonds

Shows you a well assorted marriage, and that you will have good children, who will keep you from grief.

The Four of Diamonds

Shows the incompatibility of the person you will be married to, and very great vexation to yourself through the whole course of your life.

The Tray of Diamonds

Shows that you will be engaged in quarrels, lawsuits and domestic disagreements; your partner for life will be of a vixen and abusive temper, and make you unhappy.

The Deuce of Diamonds

Shows that your heart will be engaged in love at an early period, that your parents will not approve of your choice; and that if you marry without their consent they will hardly forgive you.

The Ace of Hearts

Signifies merry-making, feasting, and good humor; if the ace be attended by Spades it foretells quarreling in your cups, and ill temper to your family while you are in a state of intoxication; if by Hearts, it shows cordiality and affection between the parties; if by Diamonds, your feast will be from home, perhaps in the country; if by Clubs, the occasion of the meeting will be upon some bargain or agreement; if your ace of hearts is in the neighborhood of face cards of both sexes, with Clubs near, it will be about a match making, if all the face cards are kings or knaves, or both, it will concern the buying or selling of some personal property; if all queens, it regards conciliation between parties, and if queens and knaves, it will be about the reconciliation and re-union of a married couple.

The King of Hearts

Shows a man of fair complexion, of an easy and good-natured disposition, but inclined to be hasty and passionate, and rash in his undertakings.

The Queen of Hearts

Shows a woman of a very fair complexion, or of great beauty; her temper rather fiery, verging on the termigant; one who will not make an obedient wife, nor one who will be very happy in her own reflections.

The Knave of Hearts

Is a person of no particular sex, but always the dearest friend or nearest relation of the consulting party, ever active and intruding, equally jealous of doing harm or good as the whim of the moment strikes, passionate and hard to be reconciled, but always zealous and warm in the cause of consulting party, though probably not according to their fancy, as they will be as industrious to prevent their schemes as to forward them, if they do not accord with his own disposition.

You must pay great attention to the cards that stand next to the knave, as from them alone you can judge whether the person it represents will favor your inclinations or not.

The Ten of Hearts

Shows good nature and many children—it is a corrective to the bad tidings of the cards that may stand next to it, and if its neighboring cards are of good import, it ascertains and confirms their value.

The Nine of Hearts

Promises wealth, grandeur and high esteem, if cards that are unfavorable stand near it, you must look for disappointments and a reverse; if favorable cards follow these last at a small distance, expect to retrieve your losses, whether of peace or of goods.

The Eight of Hearts

Points out a strong inclination to get intoxicated; this, if accompanied with unfavorable cards, will be attended with loss of property, decay of health, and falling off of friends; if by favorable cards, it indicates reformation and recovery from the bad consequences of the former.

The Seven of Hearts

Shows the person to be of a fickle and unfaithful disposition, and subject to the mean art of recrimination to excuse themselves, although without foundation.

The Six of Hearts

Shows a generous, open, and credulous disposition, easily imposed upon, and ever the dupe of flatterers, but the good natured friend of the distressed. If this card comes before your king or queen you will be the dupe; if after you will have the better.

The Five of Hearts

Shows a wavering, unsteady disposition, never attached to one object, and free from any violent passion or attachment.

The Four of Hearts

Shows that a person will not be married until very late in life, and that this will probably proceed from a too great delicacy in making a choice.

The Tray of Hearts

Shows that your own imprudence will greatly contribute to your experiencing the ill-will of others.

The Deuce of Hearts

Shows that extraordinary success and good fortune will attend the person; though if unfavorable cards attend, this will be a long time delayed.

The Ace of Spades

Totally relates to the affairs of love, without specifying whether lawful or unlawful.

The King of Spades

Shows a man who is ambitious and certainly successful at court or with some great man, who will have it in his power to advance him; but let him beware of a reverse.

The Queen of Spades

Shows a person that will be corrupted by the great of both sexes.

The Knave of Spades

Shows a person who, although they have your welfare at heart, will be too indolent with zeal, unless you take frequent opportunities of arousing their attention.

The Ten of Spades

Is a card of bad import; it will in a great measure counteract the good effect of the other cards; but unless it be seconded by other unfortunate cards, its influence may be gotten over.

The Nine of Spades

Is the worst card in the whole pack, it portends dangerous sickness, a total loss of fortune, cruel calamity, and endless dissensions in your family.

The Eight of Spades

Shows that you will experience strong opposition from your friends, whom you imagine to be such; if this card comes close to you, abandon your enterprise, and adopt another plan.

The Seven of Spades

Shows the loss of a most valuable friend, whose death will plunge you into very great distress.

The Six of Spades

Announces a mediocrity of fortune, and very great uncertainty in your undertakings.

The Five of Spades

Will give very little interruption to your success; it promises you good luck in the choice of a companion for life, that you will meet with one very fond of you, but shows your temper to be rather sullen.

The Four of Spades

Shows speedy sickness, and that your friends will injure your fortune.

The Tray of Spades

Shows that you will be unfortunate in marriage, and that you will be made unhappy. It always signifies tears.

The Deuce of Spades

Always signifies a coffin, but whom it is for must depend entirely on the other cards that are near it. It foretells grievous affliction, spite, quarreling and death.

(To be continued)

"Moving Picture Stores," No. 308, contains an article entitled "HOW TO BECOME A MOVIE ACTOR." Buy a copy. Price 7 cents; postage free.

HARRY E. WOLFF, 166 W. 23rd St., N. Y.

THE MEANING OF DREAMS

CROWNS.—To dream you see these emblems of royalty, portends success and elevation to dignities either in the church or state; for a maid to dream of a crown, shows she will marry a very industrious man, or one who is rich; her husband will be prosperous in life, and have many children by her, all of whom will do well except the youngest; if you are in trade, you will thrive exceedingly, marry an industrious woman, and become rich. To dream of crown-pieces of money forebodes misfortunes, disappointments in love, prisons, and bad success in trade.

COMETS.—To dream you see one of these extraordinary ethereal substances is ominous of war, plague, famine, and death; to the lover it forebodes an entire frustration of his hopes; to the farmer, failure of crops, and to the seaman, storms and shipwrecks; after such a dream, change, if possible, your present place of residence.

CUCUMBERS.—To dream of cucumbers, denotes recovery to the sick; that you will speedily fall in love; or that if you are in love, you will marry the present object of your affection; it also denotes moderate success in trade; to the sailor they foretell a pleasant voyage, and a sweetheart in a distant clime.

DANCING.—To dream you are dancing at a ball, wake or entertainment, foretells that you will shortly receive some joyful news from a long absent friend, and that you are about to inherit some unexpected legacy; it foretells success and happiness in love; that your sweetheart is kind and true, and will make you very happy in marriage; to the sailor it denotes a pleasant and successful voyage; increase of children to married persons, and of business to those in trade.

DARKNESS.—To dream you are in a very dark place or that you are in the dark is a very unfavorable omen; to the lover it denotes the loss of your sweetheart; to the trader, loss by debts, business and a prison; to the farmer, bad crops; to the sailor, shipwreck and misfortune. To dream you get out of darkness into light, denotes good to the dreamer; if you are in a prison, you will speedily be released; if you are accused of a crime you will be acquitted with honor; if you are in poverty it foretells you will rise to riches and honor; if you are in love it denotes a happy marriage and many children, with an industrious husband or wife; expect also to hear some glad tidings from a far distant country.

DEATH.—To dream you see this grim-looking bundle of bones denotes happiness and long life; that you will be either speedily married yourself, or else assist at a wedding. To dream that you are dead also denotes a speedy marriage, and that you will be successful in all your undertakings. To those that are married it foretells young children, and that they will be dutiful and give you great comfort. To dream you see another person dead denotes ill usage from friends; if you are in love your sweetheart will prove false; if you are in trade sharpers will take you in.

DEER.—To dream you see deer in a park denotes war and famine; to the lover it foretells some very unpleasant dispute with your sweetheart; to the tradesman it denotes trouble, and a prison through a quarrel with your creditors; to the seaman it denotes bad success and a stormy voyage. Expect after such a dream to quarrel with your friends and be much injured by it.

DICE.—To dream you are playing at dice or backgammon denotes much good to the dreamer; expect to marry the present object of your affections, to be very happy and become rich; it foretells a good legacy; to the farmer it indicates a very good crop, especially of hay; if you are in trade you will succeed and arrive at riches and honor.

DIRT.—To dream of being in the dirt or mire, or that you are in a bog, or that you are traveling near a very dirty road, or that your clothes and flesh are very dirty, is a very unfavorable omen; it portends sickness and misfortune; if you have a good place, expect to lose it if you are in love, expect your sweetheart to discard you; if you are in trade, expect heavy losses and to be quite reduced; if you are going to sea, it also denotes that the rent of your house or land will be raised upon you.

DITCHES.—To dream of deep ditches, steep mountains, rocks and other eminences, surely foretells danger and misfortune; expect thieves to rob your dwelling; that your children will be undutiful and bring you into trouble; if you are in love it foretells unhappiness if you marry your present sweetheart; if you are in trade, it denotes loss of goods, if not of liberty.

DOLPHINS.—To dream you see dolphins playing in the water denotes the loss of your sweetheart and the death of some near relation or friend; it is an unfavorable dream; signifies that your present pursuits will not be for your advantage, the dreamer would do well to quit his present habitation.

DROWNING.—To dream you are drowning, or that you see another drowned or drowning, portends good to the dreamer, and denotes that he will escape many difficulties, settle near his native place, marry, have children, and become happy and rich; to the lover it denotes that your sweetheart is good tempered and inclined to marry you; if you are a sailor, it foretells a favorable and pleasant voyage.

DRUNKENNESS.—To dream you are drunk is one of those dreams by which the dreamer is forewarned of that of which at present he knows nothing; it denotes that person whom yet you do not know will become a very good friend and promote your welfare; that through his means you will acquire riches and honors; to a woman it denotes that she will be loved by a man who yet she has not seen, who will, if she marries him, make her very happy; and to a man it denotes that he is tenderly beloved by a woman whom he does not at present think of, who will make him extremely happy and bring him money.

EARTHQUAKE.—To dream of an earthquake warns you that your affairs are about to make a very great change; if you see many houses tumbled into ruins, then it will be much better; should the houses appear to stand, then for the worse.

(To be continued)

CURRENT NEWS

INTERNAL PARASITE FOR GRASSHOPPER

An internal parasite to destroy the grasshopper by "boring from within" is being developed at the University of Saskatchewan, Dr. A. E. Cameron, Dominion entomologist, has announced. While ordinary methods must be used to combat the grasshopper menace to growing crops this year, Dr. Cameron said he hoped the spread of the parasite would be sufficient next year to prevent any further grasshopper plague.

FOUND OLD COINS

From the village of Breamore, Hampshire, England, is reported a discovery of old coins under singular circumstances. At a rummage sale at the rectory remainders were disposed of by Dutch auction, and this lot included an old writing desk, which was secured for thirty-five cents. A secret drawer contained thirty gold coins, guineas, half-guineas and quarter-guineas of George III.'s reign. The box and its contents have since been returned to the original owner.

WRINKLES IN TIMBER

In cutting up logs for experimental purposes at the Madison (Wis.) laboratory of the United States Forest Service it was noticed that in a number of them there were little diagonal streaks or wrinkles running across the grain and that all these appeared on the same side of the trees. It was well known that these wrinkles were produced by too great a strain on the fiber at some time, either from bending in a storm or from rough handling, but as all the logs in question came from Florida and the markings were all on the north side of the log it was assumed that they were caused by some severe storm from the South that had swept over that part of the country. By making a careful count of the annual rings of wood and knowing when the trees were cut, it was decided that the storm recorded by the wrinkles must have occurred in the year 1898, and inquiries verified the fact that at that time a hurricane had swept over that region.

GARMENTS MENDED ON THE STREET

China is, perhaps, the only country in the world where one may have his garments mended on the street while he waits. In nearly all the principal cities of the Flowery Kingdom native sewing women are to be seen seated on low stools, perhaps on the sidewalk, mending articles of masculine wearing apparel. The accomplishments of these street seamstresses are somewhat limited, their efforts with the needle being confined, as a rule, to "running." Other branches of needlework are practically unknown to them. As a consequence their efforts are better appreciated by natives than by foreign travellers. They are never short of patrons among the Chinese tradesmen, for these are often natives of other districts and, having come to the city to engage in business, have no one to mend a rent for them. Their wives being left at home, they are glad to employ the street needlewomen. For this class of customers the skill of the itinerant sewing woman answers every purpose. As a rule, they are wives of boatmen and laborers who live in the house-boats which line the creeks, and their needles are a great help in solving the problem of maintenance in a crowded city.

CULTIVATING SPIDERS

The cultivation of certain species of spiders, solely for the fine threads which they weave for scientific uses has an important bearing upon astronomy. No substitute for the spider's thread has yet been found for bisecting the screw of the micrometer and motions of the stars. Not only because of the remarkable fineness of the threads are they valuable, but because of their durable qualities. The threads of certain spiders raised for astronomical purposes withstand changes in temperature, so that often in measuring sun spots they are uninjured when the heat is so great that the lenses of the micrometer eyepiece are cracked. These spider lines are only one-fifth to one-seventh of a thousandth of an inch in diameter, compared with which the threads of the silkworm are large and clumsy. Each line is made up of several thousands of microscopic streams of fluid. Under the most powerful magnifying glass they appear true and round. The work of placing these lines in the micrometer requires the delicate touch of experts, who operate with the aid of microscopes which magnify the line a thousand times. The lines are placed parallel with one another and two one-thousandths of an inch apart.

DIFFICULTIES OF ANTELOPE HUNTING

The antelope first, last and all the time depends upon his legs for safety, and it is fair to say that they are the fleetest as they are the most graceful of quadrupeds. There is no fun in store for the greenhorn who attempts to hunt this animal without understanding its ways and habits. Anybody can hunt and kill a bison—that is, if there were any left to kill. It is not difficult to bag a bear and many other large animals, but the antelope demands the most skillful huntsmen to compete with its keen sense of sight and smell and also its extreme fleetness of foot. The power of scent is wonderfully acute in them, for it seems they can unfalteringly smell a man at six hundred yards and beyond with the most astonishing exactness. Their tenacity of life is beyond all conception. I have frequently seen an antelope with one leg shot away and hanging by the tendons alone outrun and escape from the fleetest ponies. Their race is not a long one, seldom beyond six or seven miles, and it is possible that a horse of good mettle might run them down, but as a rule nothing on the prairies can catch them, and the greyhound is about the only four-footed beast in existence that can be depended upon to keep pace with and possibly outrun them. No animal in the world possessses a keener sight except the giraffe.

THE FAMOUS LION OF BELFORT

On guard at the French frontier stands the Lion of Belfort. Now cut out of enduring stone, he was once modelled from snow.

In the Franco-Prussian war the siege of Belfort lasted from November, 1870, to February, 1871. Among the garrison were thousands of reserve troops, among whom there were not a few artists and other professional men. From time to time during the winter the men, to amuse themselves, made statues in the snow. Then the sun would shine and there would be no more statues.

Among the garrison was the man who gave to America her heroic figure of liberty, Bartholdi, the sculptor. One day he modelled a lion from snow, and the half frozen soldiers, as they looked with pride and delight on what the sculptor had wrought, with renewed courage cried: "Now the Germans can never enter France from this direction, for here stands the Lion of Belfort!" And the Germans never did.

When an armistice was declared by order of the French Government the garrison capitulated with all honors of war. Under the terms of peace France retained Belfort.

Once again Bartholdi modelled the lion. On the rock in front of the citadel, rearing himself on his forelegs, stands this noble figure. He is thirty-six feet high and seventy-two long. In Paris there is a replica in hammered copper, also by Bartholdi. And the square or place on which the replica looks down is called the Placé Denfert-Rochereau, in honor of the brave lieutenant-colonel of that name who commanded the garrison of Belfort in 1870.

THE FIRST UMBRELLAS

Nowadays, when the possession of an umbrella is considered as necessary as owning a hat, it may not strike the everyday mind that there was once a time when an umbrella was a luxury. In France when they were first introduced it was considered very effeminate for a man to carry one.

As a shade from the sun the umbrella is a great antiquity. We see it in the sculptures and paintings of Egypt, and Sir Gardiner Wilkinson has engraved a delineation of an Ethiopian princess traveling in her chariot through upper Egypt to Thebes, wherein the car is furnished with a kind of umbrella fixed to a tall staff rising from the center and in arrangement closely resembling the chaise umbrella of the present time. The discoveries at Nineveh show that the umbrella or parasol was generally carried over the king in times of peace and in war times.

From the very limited use of the parasol in Asia and Africa it passed into Greece and Rome as a luxury. The skidrion, or day shade of the Greeks, was carried over the head of the effigy of Bacchus, and the daughters of the aliens of Athens were required to bear parasols over the heads of the maidens of the city at the great festival of the Panathenea.

Defoe, it will be remembered, makes Robinson Crusoe describe that he had seen umbrellas employed in the Brazils and that he had constructed his own umbrella in imitation of them. "I covered it with skins," he said, "the hair outward, so that it cast off the rain like a pent house and kept off the sun so effectually that I could walk out in the hottest weather with greater advantage than I could before in the coolest."

The umbrella was used in England as a luxurious sunshade early in the seventeenth century. Ben Jonson mentions it in a comedy produced in 1616. The eighteenth century had half elapsed before the umbrella had even begun to be used in England by both sexes as it is now.

Much of the clamor which was raised against the general use of umbrellas originated with the hackney coachmen, who, of course, regarded rainy weather as a thing especially designed for their advantage and from which the public was entitled to no other protection than what their vehicles could afford.

The early specimens of the English umbrella, made of oiled silk, were, when wet, exceedingly difficult to open and close; the stick and frame were heavy and inconvenient and the article generally very expensive.

BELIEF IN WITCHCRAFT STILL EXISTS

Belief in witchcraft still exists in the British Isles in spite of the work of the education department and the many other means of enlightenment that tend to direct the thoughts of the people to viewing the unknown from a materialistic standpoint.

A few days back Mary Davies, an old gypsy, was charged in a Welsh court with stealing $600 from a farmer by means of a trick. According to the evidence David James, the farmer, was suffering from a rash on his right hand and he sent a daughter to consult the gypsy regarding a cure.

The gypsy told the daughter that she knew what she had come for, and that her father and herself and her child were bewitched. She undertook to cure them for $600, and they paid $400 as an instalment. The gypsy prescribed a daily dose of brimstone and gin for each of the inmates of the farm and handed over a number of little bags containing charcoal to be worn around the necks of the bewitched. Needless to say, the cure was in vain, and the farmer demanded his money back.

About a year ago a farmer giving evidence at Swaffham, in Norfolk, gravely told the judge that he had a cow bewitched, but that he had put a red hot poker into the churn containing her milk and the spirit "went up in a flame which lighted up the dairy."

A few months back an old woman living near Peterborough was almost starved because the other residents in the village had the belief that she had "bewitched" their pigs and poultry and even made their children fall sick.

The Welsh Hill folk cannot be persuaded that witchcraft is a myth. A case was told not so long ago of how a farmer's horse had fallen ill. The farmer ascribed it to the elves, and one night put out meat and drink for the fairymen and a note asking them to cure his horse. The elves were pleased with the food and the horse recovered.

The belief in the power of "wise women," to tell the future and cure ills is widespread. A woman who professed to see into the future and claimed the power to ward off disease had just been brought to court and heavily fined.

A woman at Leeds had a child who became ill. A "wise" woman on being consulted prescribed a daily portion of some animal's blood and warned the mother to guard the sick child from the eye of a neighbor. The child recovered. These are authentic cases and could hardly be bettered by mediaeval records.

The police are rather helpless, for they are unable to deal with the "wise" people unless some one lodges a complaint.

THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

The Philippines, named in honor of Philip II. of Spain, are a group of about one thousand two hundred islands, covering an area of about one hundred and fifty thousand square miles. There are nine large islands. Seven of these vary from one thousand to five thousand square miles. The other two—Luzon, forty-one thousand square miles, and Mindanao, thirty-three thousand square miles—are each only a little inferior to Cuba in size. Most of the balance are bare, volcanic rocks of little value. There are believed to be about seven million six hundred and seventy thousand inhabitants, including about four hundred thousand Spanish, fifty thousand Chinese, twenty thousand aborigines, and the balance of Malay origin and speech.

The climate is essentially tropical, and the temperature varies but little from month to month through the year. Earthquakes are common, and may be said to keep the archipelago in a perpetual tremor. In natural products the islands are very rich. Mindanao, although the least known, is believed to be the richest in special vegetable forms. Botanists have discovered more than four thousand five hundred species of plants in the archipelago. Lumber is plentiful, banyan and palms common, and spices and tobacco among the natural growths. There are large coal fields which are now being opened, so that it is expected that five thousand tons of coal per month may be mined. Manila lies on the western side of the island of Luzon, and is about six hundred miles from Hong Kong It has one of the most spacious and beautiful harbors in the world. The shores are low, and inland can be seen the outline of mountains.

UTENSILS OF A ROMAN HOUSEWIFE

While the housewife of to-day may reasonably pride herself on the conveniences which her kitchen affords, she need not smile too superciliously at the thought of the rude makeshifts of days long gone by. She would certainly not do so were she to spend a little time inspecting the kitchen and other household utensils that were in use two thousand years ago, as exhibited in the National Museum at Naples. Saucepans lined with silver, and shovels handsomely carved figure among the household goods of those times, says *Harper's Weekly*.

An egg-frame that would cook twenty eggs at once and pastry-moulds shaped like shells suggest luxuries of the kitchen of two thousand years ago. Gridirons and frying-pans, tart-dishes and cheese-graters, were in use then as now.

The Roman lady's toilet-table was well supplied. Ivory combs, bottles of perfume, pots of cosmetics, buttons, hairpins, and even a hair-net of gold wire figure in the museum.

Bronze thimbles and spindles are to be seen among the relics. The Roman lady even had her safety-pin, for there is a specimen of this little convenience which, before the one in the Naples Museum was found, was believed to be a strictly modern invention.

The Roman lady, however, apparently lacked one essential. She had no hair-brush. Neither had she a glass mirror. All the mirrors in the museum, with one exception, are of silver or some other white metal. The exception is a dark purple piece of glass let into the wall of a bedroom at the house Specchio in Pompeii.

In surgical instruments the ancient world was rich. Those found at Pompeii deprive modern science of the credit of more than one invention. Needles, probes, and forceps resemble closely those in use at the present day.

DISCOVER OLD CHAMBER AND WELL IN SHAKESPEARE'S GARDEN

In the trenching operation necessary to the laying out of an old-fashioned Elizabethan "Knott-Garden" at New Place, Stratford-on-Avon, the walls of a chamber or receptacle, ten feet long by six feet broad, have lately been discovered about two and a half feet below the present level of the ground. That the walls are, partly at any rate, of Shakespeare's time seems evident from the lower part of the brickwork exhibiting the characteristics of Tudor times; that is, bricks of the size, shape, and quality of those days, laid in the old English bond of alternate lines of "headers" and "stretchers," with wide mortar joints. But dividing the chamber into two is a more modern wall, possibly as recent as the end of the eighteenth century.

As to what purpose this receptacle served, it is difficult to arrive at any certain conclusion; though it was probably originally connected with the work of the garden—perhaps a garden midden. Not far off is a brick well, twenty-four feet deep and about two and a half feet across, in which fresh spring water rises to a height of 8 feet. This, which was discovered some few years ago, is certainly of Shakespeare's time, and doubtless served for watering his garden. To this purpose it is now to be devoted once more.

Apart from this receptacle, not so much of interest as might have been expected has been brought to light by excavations—probably owing to the fact that the soil, for a depth of two feet or three feet, is all made ground, dating from a not very remote period. Neither the oyster shells nor the chicken bones which have been unearthed can reasonably be ascribed to the retired dramatist's table, nor the curiously shaped clay tobacco pipes. Indeed, Shakespeare never mentions tobacco, and was probably not a smoker of it.

There was discovered, however, a few days ago, the complete skeleton of a medium-sized animal, which some imaginative Shakespearian, when it was first discovered, was disposed to identify with that of the deer said to have been poached by Shakespeare, when a youth, from the neighboring park of Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote. The skeleton, however, when brought forth and carefully examined, turns out to be nothing more romantic or interesting than the bones of a pig, and a late eighteenth-century or even a mere early nineteenth-century pig at that! Archæologists, however, are on the alert; and strict orders have been given to the gardeners carefully to examine every bit of soil turned up for the smallest fragment of anything unusual. Shakespeare, we know from many illusions in his plays, had a thorough experience of the practical side of gardening—of pruning especially. Should, therefore, any old pruning or other gardening tool of the Elizabethan period be unearthed, we may rest assured that it will be treasured with all the respect due to everything connected, even remotely, with our national poet.

Among the things of certain, if not very striking interest, already discovered, is a portion of an old sack-bottle, of the well-known Jacobean type, with a contemporary coat-of-arms—not Shakespeare's—stamped on it. Among other small finds are several very ancient medicine phials, which some Shakespearian enthusiasts are likely to be eager to have us believe belonged to Dr. Hall, the husband of Shakespeare's eldest daughter Elizabeth, thrown aside, perhaps, by him when attending his father-in-law in his last illness.

HANGING LAKE, COLORADO

Hanging Lake is generally known as Dead Horse Lake, a name as inappropriate as it is possible to imagine, for the reason that no kind of a horse could possibly get up into the lake. This lake is situated about one mile from the canyon known as Dead Horse Canyon, which is opposite Shoshone Station on the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, eleven miles from Glenwood Springs.

It is one of the most beautiful lakes the mind can conceive of. The water is clear as the most perfect crystal. The minutest object lying on the bottom of the lake can be seen as well as an object floating on the surface. The depth is from two to probably 100 feet. This lake hangs in the corner of two perpendicular walls of rock which seem to tower 2,000 or more feet above it. The outer wall of the lake from one cliff to the other is circular in general form, with zigzag edge from three inches to six in width, formed by the vegetation which has grown there and then become petrified by the water of the lake running over it. From the appearance of the wall it is growing and confining more water within its inclosure.

There are trees lying in the lake that are covered with lime, showing every limb, knot or indenture, no matter how small or great the indenture may be. There is no sign of life in the lake or anywhere around it. It is very doubtful whether it freezes over in the winter, for it is fed from an immense spring gushing out of the rocks several hundred feet above it. Underneath the lake are several caves that are some twenty feet long and ten feet wide and high enough for a man to walk upright in. But you will certainly receive a free shower bath before you climb over the rocks and get to where it is dry.

From the mouth of the canyon to the lake are some very wonderful things. There are skeletons of buffalo that have perished or that have been driven over the high cliffs in the midst of a terrible snowstorm long years ago, bunches of leaves that have gathered themselves together by a rock or bush lying in the little stream of lime water and have themselves become rock, and the size and form are as perfect as the leaves that grew on the trees the past summer.

About one-half mile from the mouth of the canyon is a very large lime rock that formed itself around a large tree so long ago that the tree has decayed and passed out of existence, but the prints of the bark are as perfect on the inside of the hole in the rock as they were the day they were formed. From the appearance of the bark signs it was a red spruce tree, about fourteen inches in diameter. There are several limb holes in the rock that are as perfect as the tree hole.

A few feet below there is another rock, showing that it grew around a tree while it was standing up, but from some cause unknown to man the rock has been parted where the tree was inclosed, and only the form of the tree body about four feet from the ground is left in the side of the rock.

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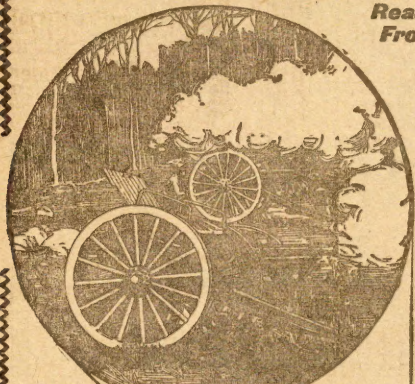

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50,000 of these machines have made 50,000 boys happy. Answer at once. Be the first in your town to get one.

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PLEASE USE COUPON

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FREE

FRECKLES

NOW IS THE TIME TO GET RID OF THESE UGLY SPOTS

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

SHE WAS OBESE

The shadow on this picture gives you an idea how she looked and felt. By taking Oil of Korein and following the easy directions she reduced 38 pounds in three months. Now she is agile, attractive, mentally alert and in better health. Reliable anti-fat self-treatment. Buy a small box at the drug store. Oil of Korein; it comes in capsules. Many women have reduced easily, lastingly, 10 to 60 pounds. Safe and pleasant method, endorsed by physicians. For free book of advice (in plain wrapper) write to Korein Co., NM-101, Station F, New York City. Show this to friends.

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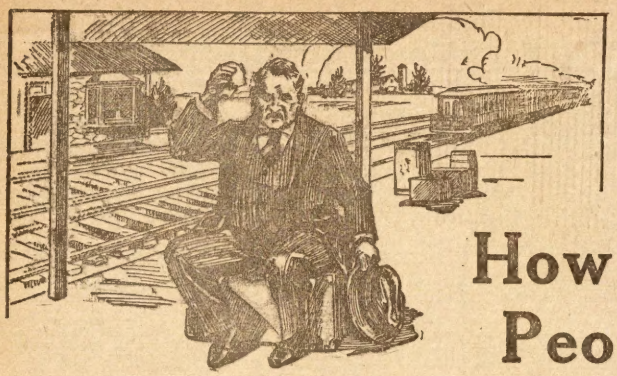

Don't Let Obesity Shorten Your Life!

How Fat People Escape from Slavery

NO MYSTERY IN THIS TRUE NARRATIVE

SUPPOSE a Fat Man and a Fat Woman became innocent victims of a relentless system of persecution. Imagine that they at last escaped their pursuers by changing their whole personal appearance, in other words by transforming themselves from heavy, waddling human porpoises to lithe, graceful and youthful looking figures. Doubtless you would consider it an excellent mystery story if the fact that these slim folks and the heavyweights were one and the same could be kept 'till the very last, solving the mystery of their escape.

It would probably seem rather far-fetched to you, especially if you are stout yourself and you might regard the transformation as purely a figment of the author's imagination.

But do you know that what you might regard as very improbable is an actual fact of everyday life and guaranteed to happen under certain treatment by a very responsible company to the extent of many $100 guarantees?

The home-self treatment we refer to is called the KOREIN SYSTEM, which includes:

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$100.00 GUARANTEE

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Perhaps you have tried violent exercising, religiously taking long exhausting walks, painfully contorting yourself into all kinds of ridiculous shapes in an attempt to become thin.

Perhaps you have undertaken to reduce by doping yourself with drastic drugs or vicious purgatives, by debilitating sweat baths or harmful thyroid. If you have done these things we know you will welcome the mild, gentle, happy, smile-invoking Korein system.

In Oil of Korein there is nothing in the least injurious to health. In fact, leading physicians recommend the component parts of the Korein system in obstinate and dangerous obesity cases.

Slender People Win

You know yourself how impossible it would be to win a foot race with a bar of big iron suspended from your waist line even if you were slender and active. You might get in at the finish before someone else who was burden likewise, but you could never win.

So it is when you try to win social or business success. Always it is that burden of fat holding you back, denying you that full achievement of your ambition, love, health and other desires of your heart.

Do not tolerate your stoutness any longer. Resolve you shall have the svelt, grace and winning personality of those who are normal in weight and appearance.

How to Buy It

Go to any busy drug store right now and get a box of Oil of Korein or if you prefer send $1 to us direct. We will mail you a box postpaid in a plain cover. Remember the guarantee. It assures you a new life, one in which you will cease to be burdened by the objectionable fat that ties you down mentally and physically, shortening your years and making you the subject of pity and ill concealed derision. Start to reduce gracefully and for your own sake begin to-day.

Free Book

"How to Reduce Weight Happily"

Send your name and address and receive it in a plain cover. No one need know the treatment you are undertaking. Start to-day and surprise your friends with a wonderful change for the better.

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NB-101, Station F, New York, N. Y.

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